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Scarred Eagle.

104



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SCARRED EAGLE;

OR,

MOOROOINE, THE SPORTING FAWN.

A STORY OF LAKE AND SHORE.

BY ANDREW DEARBORN,

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SCARRED EAGLE.

CHAPTER I.

WHITE VS. RED.

"CRACK! crack!" rung out the reports of two rifles over the calm bosom of the lake, and two canoes, about fifty rods apart, seemed to leap from the water as they sped forward.

The course of both canoes was toward the western shores of the bay forming the north-western portion of Lake Erie. The one behind was manned by five Indian warriors, two of whom had just fired upon the boat ahead, which contained two persons—a white man and an Indian. The bullets, however, had no other effect than to cut the water at the distance of several yards to the right of the pursued men.

"S'pose you take rifle now, Scarred Eagle?" said the Indian to his white companion.

"No, not yit, Goodbrand," said the other. "Thar's little danger of the devils hittin' us yit, but they want to make us lose time. Five oars ag'in' two is gre't odds, with a mile still afore us. Pull for y'ur life?"

The speaker was a man past forty years of age, with proportions denoting great strength and agility. Evidently, he had been through many rough scenes of border-life, for nearly every part of his body visible showed the marks of wounds. The most conspicuous of these was upon his face, one side of which was an entire scar. From this circumstance, he was called "Scarred Eagle" by the Indians, who had long since learned both to fear and respect him. But his face, though disfigured, was not wanting in expression. In fact, there was something of dignity in his bearing. No stranger would meet the clear gray eye, and note the bold, frank style of the man's speech, without feeling that he was in the presence of one of nature's noblemen, indeed. His dress was after the prevailing style of bordermen; and we note but one peculiarity. The

hunting-frock was decorated on the breast by a design in bead-work representing a man in the act of silently bearing a white female prisoner from the midst of some sleeping Indians.

The Indian who assisted in propelling the canoe was not so tall as his white friend, though dressed nearly like him. He was a noble-looking savage, and had learned to speak the English tongue with considerable fluency.

A few words will explain the meaning of the situation in which we find these two men.

Both belonged to a body of scouts hovering near the besieged garrison at Detroit. They had, in the present instance, been scouting alone on the neck of land between Erie and St. Clair lakes. Being discovered by a party of Indians, they had retreated to the lake, and embarked in the canoe which had brought them from the opposite side of the bay already mentioned. But the Indians had found a canoe and started in pursuit before our friends were half a mile away. And, at the moment we have introduced them, this distance had been lessened, so that hardly fifty rods now separated them.

Scarred Eagle and his Indian friend were not wanting in skill in the management of their craft. They knew the pursuers were fast gaining on them; yet they hoped to avoid a close struggle on the water, over which the gloom of night was fast settling. It was yet nearly a mile to the shore, however, and the shots which came every few seconds from their enemies, began to whizz alarmingly near.

"It's time ter pay back, Goodbrand," said Scarred Eagle, at length. "I hate ter begin, 'cos it'll hinder our speed an' give them bloody rascals an advantage."

"S'pose you no do now, *have* to bimeby," returned the Indian. "Mebbe kill some now; den not so many to fight if come up."

"Thet's a good plan enough, allowin' I kin dew it, Goodbrand. But they'll dodge down likely, jest as we do. How-
ever, I'll try it. Ha! down with ye ag'in!"

The warning was not a moment too soon; for as they dodged down into the canoe-bottom, two or three reports rung out, and this time the bullets spun directly over them.

"Ay, Goodbrand; now keep 'er stidy's ye kin, while I see what kin be done."

Scarred Eagle, while thus speaking, dropped the paddle and snatched up his rifle, which was leveled and discharged with surprising quickness. A cry of pain answered the report of the weapon, and one of the pursuers fell back, never to use oar again! Goodbrand gave utterance to a shout of triumph.

"Ha, Scarred Eagle, dey find out *who* shoot now, mebbe," he said, though without relaxing for a moment his exertions at the paddle.

"Thar's *one* less, sartin," replied Scarred Eagle, "but they've gained fast on us fur the last minit. We'll keep frum close quarters as long as we kin."

Before the pursuers had fully recovered from their confusion, the white marksman had reloaded his rifle. He kept a sharp watch upon those behind, while his Indian friend, with bared bosom and arms, was reeking with sweat, as he strained every muscle to his work.

Scarce thirty rods now separated the canoes, and the pursuers were, every one, using a paddle. Scarred Eagle again jerked his rifle to a poise; but, quick as was the movement, the Indians crouched down, leaving but little of their bodies exposed, though still managing to propel their canoe.

The white man, still keeping watch upon the enemy, snatched up a paddle and assisted his Indian friend. But he was not permitted to do so long. One of their foes rose suddenly and fired, the ball grazing Goodbrand's shoulder as he stooped, and for the first time during the chase, four ringing war-whoops from those behind echoed over the lake-waters.

"No—no—not yit, Goodbrand!" cried Scarred Eagle, as he saw the Indian about to draw in his paddle. "Save y'ur shot till it comes closer quarters. 'Tain't more'n a quarter of a mile further to shore—we must leasten it all we kin."

The white man spoke hurriedly, though no trepidation could have been noticed in his voice. He himself, taking advantage of the few seconds allowed, was working with giant strength at the paddle. But, as before, the Indians, upon noticing his work, determined to stop it and draw his fire. Two of them fired together this time, and one of the balls plowed a slight furrow across the top of Goodbrand's head!

Hardly had the echoes of the reports ceased when Scarred Eagle sprung up and leveled his rifle. Its report was follow-

by jeering cries from the pursuers, who redoubled their exertions at the oars.

"That 'ar was wasted through your whirlin' round an rockin' the canoe so sudden, Goodbrand," said Scarred Eagle, with chagrin in his tone. "Ah!" he immediately added, as his quick glance fell upon his friend's head, "struck, war ye? Wal, it's no use puttin' things off longer. Take y'ur rifle."

The other did so, suffering the canoe to float idly on the water, while his white companion was hurriedly reloading. But the latter had not time to finish the work. Not more than forty yards now separated the canoes, and the occupants of the hindmost had also ceased their labors, preparing for the struggle. Two of them suddenly rose, and *three* reports rung out simultaneously. The shot of Goodbrand told with good effect, for one of his enemies fell back into the lake. He himself was merely grazed; but his white friend, Scarred Eagle, uttered a deep groan and fell headlong beneath the waters of the lake!

The Indian, Goodbrand, could not repress an exclamation of sorrow. He was as deeply attached to Scarred Eagle as though the latter had been an own brother. But now, the career of his friend seemed ended.

The faithful fellow was almost on the point of throwing himself into the lake after his friend. But the exultant yells of his enemies roused in him that instinct of revenge so characteristic of his race. He had no chance to reload his rifle, for the other canoe was now but a few yards distant, and he knew three Miami warriors were ready to shoot him the moment he should rise.

Goodbrand himself was a Miami Indian. He had been converted years before, by the Moravian missionaries, and had only departed from their teachings in that he took up the hatchet of war, in behalf of the white race whom he loved. For this reason he was an outcast from his tribe, and had no hopes of other than a cruel death, in the event of falling alive into their hands.

As the canoe of the others came nearer, Goodbrand grasped knife and hatchet in either hand, fully determined not to be taken alive.

He had not been more than a few seconds thus prepared,

when the appalling war-whoops of his enemies were suddenly hushed, and groans burst out, quickly followed by a splashing in the water. Quickly he raised his head and saw, not more than twenty feet away, the canoe of his pursuers *bottom upward*, while two of its late occupants were disappearing beneath the water! Another moment, and the form of Scarred Eagle rose from the water, surging toward him!

"Push up, Goodbrand, push up," said Scarred Eagle, in a panting voice. And in less time than what we occupy in describing it, the Indian had assisted his friend into the canoe.

For a few moments the latter could hardly speak, and Goodbrand, comprehending the work he had done, merely uttered an exclamation of joy as his keen eyes watched for the reappearance of their foes.

"I knifed two on 'em the minit I riz up side o' thar skiff, Goodbrand," said Scarred Eagle, with a shiver in his voice. "*Them* won't mislest us more, but t'other one's hangin' ter the canoe yender."

Already had his Indian friend seen this, and seizing the paddle began to sweep up toward the drifting canoe. But suddenly, Scarred Eagle interposed.

"Let the poor devil go, Goodbrand," he said. "He kain't dew us any hurt, an' it seems like a cruel advantage to take by sich as we."

"Good!" assented the other. "It shall be as my brother says, 'cos he wise head as well as quick hand. He has saved us both. He is an Eagle that can fly under water, as well as over the land."

"I seen 'twas best course, considerin' the fix we war in," replied the other as he began to wring the water from his clothes. "It come to me all of a sudden like. Ah—thar's the cretur' in sight," he added, as the head and shoulders of the remaining enemy appeared on the opposite side of the receding canoe.

"It is Nookechin—one of my cousins," exclaimed Goodbrand in surprise. "I'm glad no to kill him, though kill me, mebbe."

"An' I'm glad tu hear ye say it, Goodbrand," answered Scarred Eagle. "It shows you've a Christian heart, an' that the Moravians hevn't labored on ye in vain."

"Workechin likes not to war upon his own race, and only

does so when necessary to defend his white friends," replied the other, assuming for the moment his Indian name. "He believes in the white God and white ways; and wishes his own tribe would believe likewise. They would be more happy then. Nookechin," he added, elevating his voice, and using his native tongue, "you see we spare your life. I hope never to have occasion to meet you nor any other of my kin or tribe in battle, for I would not harm them. Does Nookechin hear?"

"It is well," answered the other. "I shall not forget this kindness from my cousin. I will never fight against him till I do him as good a turn." And, as if fully confident of the good intentions of the others, he righted the canoe and sprung into it. Then, grasping a paddle which floated near, he made a gesture of good-will toward his late enemies, and began to push rapidly toward the northern shore.

"What now, Scarred Eagle?" asked Goodbrand, as he peered toward the western shore now barely discernible through the gloom. "Mebbe our friends hear us fight—mebbe Izjuns hear too."

"Y'ar right," said the other. "Lay 'er off sou'-west a trifle an' we'll try ter steal ashore under kiver of the darkness."

Goodbrand obeyed, taking a course that would land them some distance below the point from which they had embarked. Though prudent himself, he instinctively deferred to the judgment of his white friend. And there were but few along the border who did not place more confidence in the opinions of Scarred Eagle than in their own.

The latter, while his friend pushed forward the canoe, reloaded his trusty rifle, which he had left in the canoe with his powder-horn, at the time he feigned death. This accomplished, he directed his gaze toward the shore.

"Easy, Goodbrand, easy," he whispered, at length. "It's gittin' dark, but not fast enough for our purpose onless we move slower. That's right—it's better."

His Indian friend had ceased to paddle, and the canoe floated noiselessly on the water. For a quarter of an hour neither of them spoke except in low whispers. About two hundred yards away loomed up the great forest, stretching away from the shore. Not a sound came from its depths

yet they knew lurkers might lie along shore, thirsting for their blood.

"It's jest possible that we mout land safe, Goodbrand ; but 'twon't dew to trust the appearance of things hereaway," remarked Scarred Eagle. "Some o' the chaps orter be expectin' us, even ef they hain't heard our rifles, which it is posserble they hain't."

"S'pose you give signal," said the Indian.

"We'll steal up a little closer fust. Thar's hardly an cut-line of the shore to be seen now."

Goodbrand began to push the canoe forward. Suddenly a single peculiar note came from the forest.

"About with it, quick!" whispered Scarred Eagle. "It's Ben Mace's signal, an' warns of danger."

As he spoke he seized another paddle, and in a moment the canoe was gliding back from shore. Then came three or four rifle-reports, and the bullets whistled uncomfortably near.

"Now, Goodbrand, we've got ter calkerlate chus," remarked Scarred Eagle, as soon as they were out of danger. "We've got ter land *somewhar*. Whether furdur up or down's the question. We'll be watched for, chuser'n Saul watched for David, an' must use all the wits Providence has gin us."

"Scarred Eagle speaks well," replied the Indian. "S'pose we go up. The Miami warriors are cunning. They cum from fort-way an' will watch above here 'cos they've heerd us fight. Den we better go, hurry down."

"Ye've come to the marrer of the thing, Goodbrand, an' that's what I like," responded the other, after a moment's thought. "Now, won't our enemies not reedily expict we'll take the very course you speak of? It strikes me they will. They'll reason the thing 'bout 's you, who ar' ecquainted with their wiles."

"I see—yis," said Goodbrand, to whom this species of strategy was apparently new. "Den, if say go up, we go."

"We must keep well out an' dip light," remarked Scarred Eagle, as he seized a paddle. "It's sartin Mace is 'round, an' the rest orter be—some on 'em. All on 'em wouldn't have stayed at the bivo'ac. But land we must ; otherwise this night wind 'll benumb every narve in my body."

For half an hour they continued to pull northward. A.

the darkness deepened, they drew gradually nearer shore, and soon their canoe touched a jut of land.

At this moment, a succession of sounds, muffled by distance and intervening forests, came to their ears. Any but the experienced ears of a scout, would have failed to understand the significance of these sounds. But our friends knew they were the echoes of rifle-reports.

"Ay, Goodbrand," said Scarred Eagle, in a whisper, as both glanced around through the gloom. "The rest o' the chaps ar' in trouble, an' we're in fur it. Come!"

Both stepped noiselessly ashore, drew their canoe under the densely-wooded bank, and then began to steal forward through the gloom.

CHAPTER II.

MOOROOINE.

ABOUT an hour previous to the events last described, a number of rangers were grouped around a fire, near the termination of a deep forest gorge. A small stream ran through the gorge, finding an outlet at the shores of the lake, about two miles away. At their backs rose an almost perpendicular cliff a hundred feet in height, covered with dense foliage. The banks of the gorge, opposite, were comparatively low, and supported huge trees, whose branches, shooting far out, rendered the place gloomy even at midday.

A better hiding-place, or bivouac, for a *posse* of rangers, could not well have been chosen. An enemy might pass within thirty yards of the place, and be none the wiser, so far as sight or hearing is concerned. On the contrary, those within, looking outward from comparative darkness, could quickly discover the presence of interlopers, and withstand attack or make a good retreat, as policy might require.

The rangers had not been at this bivouac long. In groups of two, they had been watching the forest in different directions. They had returned, according to previous arrangement, and were now partaking heartily of rich venison-s'

broiled on the bed of coals in their midst. They had assured themselves that no Indians were lurking near, before kindling the fire; yet the smoke from the hard, dry wood, became invisible ere it reached the top of the interlaced branches above them.

Little need be said in description of these men. They were the main body of scouts mentioned in the preceding chapter, and Scarred Eagle was their acknowledged leader. They were all hardy-looking fellows, well-armed, and of various ages, of uncouth appearance, rough in speech, but with nerves of steel; ready to face danger at any moment, and not loth to indulge in the pastime of a wrestling-match, or knock-down among themselves, in the absence of more exciting events.

"Seems ter me Brom, as yer call 'im, orter showed hisself afore now ef 'e *ain't* got took," remarked one of them, a tall, coarse-looking fellow in homespun.

"I dun know, Hulet," replied one of his companions, clearing his throat. "It's a dangerous job he ondertook—gittin' to the fort when it's compissed by so many Injuns. But 'e *ain't* had time. A day for twenty miles' travel, an' all on't to be *stole* over, *ain't* too long, I reckon."

"I know it's dangerous. But he's be'n gone more'n a day. He started three hours afore this time yisterday."

"An' s'posin' 'e did?" broke in another, of Celtic origin. "Is dthat a sign he's tuk? How dthe deuce are you or me to know dthe crooks an' turns he's had to make? Uv wan thing I'm certain, Brum w'u'dn't cair for y'ur advice, nor woon't thank yees for y'ur unaisiness. So ye needn't be ov dthe first to worry."

Hulet deigned no answer to the Irishman, but resumed conversation with the ranger first addressed.

"Then you're out on the distance tew," he said. "It's sca'ce ten miles to the fort."

"It ain't, eh?" answered the one called Revel, who stopped with a piece of venison half way to his mouth, and eyed the questioner. "Sca'ce ten mile! Who don't know that?"

"You said, twenty."

One or two of the group indulged in sneering chuckles.

"I say so yit," returned Revel. "Brom's got to pass over the ground *twice* afore he gits back here, ain't 'e?"

"Yees needn't ax *dthat*, Will," said the Irishman. "Our *leader* has swall'ed too much venison *entoiirely*, an' it's dru^v all dthe sinse he had in his head down to his belly. Dthe thruth, as sure's me father wur a docthur!"

The laugh which went round at Hulet's expense, was of course not over-relished by the latter.

"That ar' ye call wit—Irish wit, I s'pose," returned Hulet unable to conceal anger. "But I don' know 'bout the 'doctor.' Who ever heerd of a durned Irishman bein' a doctor."

"Who is it?" queried the Irishman, fiercely. "I'll take a joke but not an insolt to me name, ye domd gossoon. Me father *was* a docthur, though, an' I, Tim Devine, am able to docthur y'ur face, for the slandhur of y'ur tongue!" He aimed a blow at Hulet, as he spoke, which the latter parried.

"Hold on—this 'ere ain't a-goin' to do, now," said Revel, rushing between them. "This ain't the time for a row. Put it off. We've got to start pretty soon for the lake shore. Thar may be Injuns skulking around, an' we ain't goin' ter be sech headlong fools as to direct 'em here."

Tim stood back. In the absence of Scarred Eagle, Revel was a sort of leader, and all liked him. But Tim shot fierce glances at Hulet, who smiled tauntingly.

"Niver mind, aneconde," said Tim. "We'll hove dthis out some time, an' though y'ur size is something in y'ur favor, I'll make ye respict me name if not swalle y'ur words. See if I don't now, ye ill-mannered baist!"

"Hold up, men," interrupted Revel. "Don't run it into a quarrel. That's foolish."

"I don't want 'er quarrel, nor have no diffikilty," said Hulet. "But he begun it. I own I made a mistake 'bout the distance we was talkin' of, 'cos I didn't at fust think."

"Co-cor-course; Hulet knew better ef he'd had time ter th-th-think. He don't allus, ye know, bo-bo-boyes. T'other day he mis-mis-mistook an Injun fur a black b-b-bear, jest 'cos he didn't hev time ter th-th-think!"

The stuttering speaker was a tall, spare man, with a whimsical face, eyes keen as a hawk's and almost as small. His sally was greeted by a round of subdued laughter, from all except Hulet, whose face showed more signs of anger than had been evinced during his *renconter* with the Irishman.

Hulet was not personally well liked by his companions. He had been with them but a few days. He pretended to hail from one of the border settlements, and claimed to be a scout of much experience. One or two of the rangers held him in positive distrust. He seemed used to the forest; yet at times he made strange blunders for a scout. The one referred to by the stutterer actually happened, two days previously, while they were hovering in the rear of a Huron party.

"Wal, *laugh*, ef it suits ye!" said Revel, fiercely. "When it comes my turn, I'll let some on ye know!"

"What's that ye say?" spoke Revel, turning sharply upon him. He thought he detected something of the nature of a threat in the other's tone.

"You yerself wouldn't want a mistake flung inter y'ur face every time any thing comes up!" said Hulet. "But let it pass. A chap that stutters is allus gittin' offsunthin' to make a laugh," and he tried to look good-naturedly toward the stutterer, Joe Hill.

"Ex-ex-exactly!" rejoined the latter worthy. "My tongue kine-kine-kinder hitches when I talk, an' that's wha-wha-whar I git time ter th-th-think whuther an object's a b'ar or an In-In-Injun."

None seemed disposed to interrupt Joe. They enjoyed the badinage too well. The Irishman especially fattened at the idea of bringing Hulet into contempt, and encouraged Joe to keep it up. But Hulet disarmed the latter by joining slightly in the laugh, and then addressing Will Revel:

"I don't understand why Brown should resk himself to visit the fort, now," he said. "The major won't care ter make a sally afore the reinforcements come."

"Old Rhodan knows what he sent 'em for," answered Revel. "That's all I kin tell ye."

"Ye mean him that's called Scarred Eagle. He an' Brown seem to think uncommon of each other. Relashuns, ain't they?"

"Not by blood; though father and son couldn't think more of each other than they. Rhodan saved 'im, when he war a arphah', from the Hurons. They've stuck to one another ever since, as it's nat'ral they should."

"In course. Strikes me that Scarred Eagle himself or ~

be among us, ef he's comin' to-night. Mebbe he won't. It's goin' to be dark's a pocket."

The Irishman here nudged Joe Hill.

"Yis; dar-dark-darker'n the outside of a black b-b-*ur*," assented Joe, giving his face a comical twist.

"It's comin' on fast, too," said Revel. "We must betake ourselves to the lake-shore and watch for Scarred Eagle. Ef he don't come by dark we kin come back an' wait."

"Must be Ben Mace'll come," said another. "He hadn't so fur to go."

"That's why I feel a trifle oneasy 'bout *him*, Lew," answered Revel. "I'll own it. He's as good a scout as is in the kentry, only he's so mad at sight of an Injun. He runs too much resk for the sake of revenge."

"Why not stay whar we be?" said Hulet. "I don't b'leve Scarred Eagle 'll git back from the neck to-night. Thar's no Injuns in the neighborhood, an' ef I kin read right, it'll be so dark in an hour that none on us could find our way back."

"How mooch for y'ur advice, Misthur *Hugelet*?" said Tim, quickly. "You're afeard of runnin' y'ur head ag'in' a tree or bear, whuch? Dthe id'a of a scout, a syees *purtind* to be, not bein' able to git through the woods for darkness! Pish!"

"You'll run y'ur head ag'in' sunthin' bimeby, Mister Brogue," said Hulet, "that'll make ye—"

"Oh, git out!" interrupted Revel, again. "Let this foolin' come to an end. Some o' them that's away may come or not, but we'll watch for 'em anyhow. I think Rhodan 'll be back. The darkness won't stop him."

"He'd find his way through te-teto-te-tle--*durn* it—tetotal darkness blindfolded," added Joe, spitefully.

"Good, Joe," said Revel, with a laugh. "Now, boys—ah, what's that?"

He had seen a dusky figure pass by the outlet of the gorge. Before he spoke, however, Joe Hill had sprung off with the agility of a cat, and disappeared in the bushes hard by. The rest grasped their rifles and followed. But they had hardly reached the outlet of the ravine when Joe reappeared from a side-path, leading an Indian girl, who evidently had not tried hard to get away.

"Thar!" he ejaculated, "I've g-got 'er, though what she wa-wan—*blast it!*—*wants* hyur's more'n I kin tell. Cu-curi's part on't is, she did-didn't tr-r-r-try ter git away."

"Hurry out an' look around, some of you," said Will Revel, quickly. "Mebbe thar's others near."

"None but me," said the captive, in fair English.

All, except Hulet, gazed upon her curiously. The girl was an Indian beauty, apparently about eighteen years of age. She was above the medium hight, and the color of her skin showed that white blood ran in her veins. She wore beautiful moccasins upon her feet, and was dressed tastefully. Her hair was glossy, black and fine, falling around her shoulders in masses, though kept back from her forehead by a glittering silver band. At her back was a bow and quiver of arrows; while a light hatchet and a knife were pendent from either side of her waist. She confronted the rangers without showing a sign of fear, though evidently embarrassed.

"Why've ye come here, Injun girl?" asked Revel. "If it's to do us harm, you're very foolish."

"No come for that," she said, earnestly.

"How'd ye know we war here?"

"Didn't know. Looked sharp—den find you. Come for do good. Injuns that way," pointing toward the lake.

"You git scalps took if not careful."

"Hear *dat* now!" muttered the Irishman.

"Why'd ye come to warn us?" asked Revel. "Ain't ye afraid we'll harm ye?"

"Not much," answered the Indian girl, dropping her eyes. "If did, would not come. Moorroine loves the white race. Some bad, some good—so everywhere. But Moorroine loves them and warns them. Some white herself, too."

Will Revel started in surprise as he heard the girl's name. Two more of the group also showed surprise and looked with new interest upon her.

"Who sent you here?" asked Revel.

"No one," replied the Indian girl. "I followed some warriors softly that went on trail. They found where two men went off in canoe. Some watch for them to come back; others search forest."

"Then Scarred Eagle 'll be in danger," said Revel, turning

to his comrades. "Thar's no time to lose. I've reason to b'leve this girl's true to us. How many ar' along the lake-shore?" he added, turning to Moorooine again.

"Me talk more with you, alone," she said, avoiding the bevy of eyes fixed upon her. Revel followed her a short distance aside.

"There is so much warriors twice," she said, in answer to his last question, holding up both hands with the fingers outspread. "They chased white man, but white man got away."

"Did you see the white man?"

"Yes. Warriors call 'im Evil Eye."

"Ah—Ben Mace!" exclaimed Revel. "Did he run this way?"

"Goin' to; but had to hide. Den warriors missed 'im an' leave behind. Look out for white friends on lake. Be careful, an' look out for yourselves, too. Git took if don't. Moorooine knows the forest an' will help you. Mus' go now. Bimeby you come too."

"One minit," said Will Revel. "You come here for more'n you say, Moorooine. I've heerd y'ur name afore. Thar's a young hunter who ginrully goes with the Scarred Eagle. Have ye seen him called the White Fox, up to'ards the fort?" This was the name by which Brom Vail was known among the Indians.

The Indian maiden glanced curiously into the ranger's face, and the rich blood mounted to her cheeks and brow.

"Yes; seen 'im," she answered, dropping her eyes. "He not here, go in canoe with friend, s'pose. Me watch for his coming an' you watch too. Be careful. Mebbe all of us cheat warriors an' save him an' friend."

"We'll do our best, sartin," said Will. "But Moorooine is at fault. White Fox started for the fort yisterday, an' we're lookin' for 'im back."

The girl's manner changed at once. A look of deep apprehension appeared in her face.

"White Fox got to fort in night an' started back early in morning," she said. "Me see 'im softly (secretly) outside the fort. Much 'fraid Injuns got 'im! Too bad, very!"

Her looks betrayed intense anxiety. And Revel's

equally great. He saw all at a glance. As intimated, he had heard of the Miami girl, Moorooine, before. The strongest attachment had sprung up between her and Brom Vail. They had met a few months before, when Brom, with his foster-father and a man of the name of Thorpe, were seeking for information affecting the peace of the latter's mind. Moorooine had afforded the party successful aid, and once saved their lives at the risk of her own.

"Mus' go!" she said, suddenly. "Mus' save White Fox if can, an' rest too."

"We'll be on hand, brave girl," said Will. "If we kin git with Scarred Eagle an' Goodbrand we'll find whar Brom is, or die for't. D'ye s'pose ye coul' find the Evil Eye?"

"Me try to, an' den git him help. Ha!" she exclaimed, as her keen glance shot through the bushes toward the rest of the company. "Who *that* man?"

Will followed her glance, which rested upon the person of Hulet. For the first time he noticed the latter had kept as much as possible in the background when the Indian girl came. Hulet had advanced a little nearer to the rest, who had apparently noticed his conduct.

"That?" said Revel. "He's a scout like the rest of us. Does Moorooine know 'im?"

"*Most* do," she answered, in a whisper, keeping her eyes toward him. "You know 'im long?"

"Only a few days. Why do you ask?"

"Sure now," she whispered. "Have seen 'im 'round fort with Injuns. Watch 'im sharp. He's no *good* white man. He carries two tongues an' will betray you an' me too if can."

"What did they call 'im?" inquired Revel, excitedly.

"Sly Hate. Take care *him*. Mus' go. You know cry of night-hawk? One, tell you 'look out;' two will mean, 'come.'" The girl turned and disappeared through the bushes toward the lake.

Will stood a few moments in deep surprise. "Sly Hate," he muttered. "The one that was cashiered for cowardice a year ago at Montreal, and then j'ined the Injuns. An' he's here ter lead us into a trap. By the great livin', he *shaz'* play the game no further!"

He stalked through the bushes and approached the group of rangers. He kept his head down so that Hulet might not suspect his designs till the last moment. But when he came near the men, he raised his eyes and saw that Hulet was not present. The rest were watching his own strange approach curiously.

"Phat's come across yees?" exclaimed the Irishman.

"Did thet Injun gal—"

"Whar's Hulet?" interrupted Revel, sternly. All glanced around, and several spoke at once.

"Why 'e was here not a minit ago, 'cos—"

Further speech was interrupted. A rifle cracked not far away, and one of the group, grasping his breast, fell to the ground! The report was succeeded by a defiant shout from Hulet, who had disappeared in the direction of the lake.

"It's all over with me, boys," gasped the stricken man. "Go on—all of you, an' take the traitor, and avenge my death."

CHAPTER III.

TWO LESS.

EXCLAMATIONS of horror burst from the rangers, and the next moment all were rapidly plunging through the bushes after Hulet. For the time being no thought, no desire, was in their minds other than to avenge the death of their comrade, Lew Burns.

In a few moments they cleared the dense bushes surrounding their bivouac and caught a glimpse of the traitor. He was some forty yards away, running rapidly. Three rifles spoke in quick succession, but the rascal kept on, unscathed. The three who had fired, stopped to reload, while Will Revel and Dan Hicks kept on.

To strike a man running at full speed through a densely wooded forest, bounding aside and deviating on the course every moment, is no easy task, and this the rangers well knew.

"Keep y'ur shot, Dan!" cried Will Revel to the one running at his side. "Thar'll be a better chance to strike 'im soon."

The other comprehended him. Not sixty rods straight ahead was a comparatively open space where the fugitive's body would be more exposed. Hulet would either have to cross this or turn abruptly aside before reaching it. And the latter alternative would give his pursuers a chance to gain upon him rapidly.

Something more than a desire for revenge was now in the minds of the pursuers, and, if possible, incited them to greater speed. They remembered that Hulet's escape would enhance the dangers of old Rhodan and Goodbrand, and might also result fatally to the noble Indian girl who had taken such pains to seek them out and warn them.

Like hounds Will Revel and his comrade sprung on, keeping their gaze upon the runaway, though not apparently gaining a yard upon him. The latter did not seem to notice the open space which he was rapidly approaching till he was quite near it. Then, as if suddenly aware of his increased danger, he whirled and struck toward the left.

"Now!" shouted Will Revel. "*You* try 'im, Dan, an' I'll keep on."

His plan was to reserve his own shot to the last, hoping if Dan failed, to make it more effectual by taking advantage of Hulet's momentary confusion.

But the latter was neither hit nor diverted a moment by the bullet of Dan Hicks, which must have whizzed very close to his head. He was not more than twenty yards distant when Revel jerked his rifle to a level and fired. Notwithstanding the gloom which began rapidly to deepen, Revel saw that he had struck the traitor near the shoulder, though Hulet still ran on.

"Take 'eer o' that!" shouted the exasperated ranger to his friend, as he slung his rifle toward him. "By the great Moses, that hellion shain't give us all the slip!"

Without pausing for a second he drew a little ax from his girdle and bounded on with maddened energy. He knew the traitor would not long elude him. As if conscious of this, Hulet also threw down his rifle and pealed out:

or three ringing shouts of distress. Will Revel well knew that the commotion might bring some of the lurking Indians to the spot. But he also knew that his companions were hurrying up. Conscious that he was gaining on the wretch, he determined to bring him down at all hazards.

Suddenly he heard some one bounding toward him and his prey from an opposite direction. Not doubting that it was an Indian, he drew back his arm to hurl the ax at Hulet, now about a dozen yards away. But before he could throw the weapon, he heard the twang of a bow, the whiz of an arrow, and noticed that Hulet was struck in the arm. As quick as thought the ax sped from his hand. But, as though some evil genius protected Hulet, he suddenly sprung aside and the ax missed him.

"Hold—what's this?" cried a voice, suddenly

"It's a traitor—Sime Hulet—head him off, Mace, quick!" shouted Will, who had recognized the speaker.

The next moment there was a series of shouts and bounds, and Will saw the traitor fall to the earth before the sweep of Mace's rifle. Then the cry of a night-hawk, distinct and clear, rung through the forest.

"Back, all on ye, back!" said Mace, as he met Revel and saw his companions rushing up. "Thar's nigh twenty uv the cussed p'isons, an' half on 'em ar' comin' this way. Back, an' get a better spot to meet 'em in!"

As he spoke they all heard the bounds of the Indians close by. Aside from this, Revel remembered the signal of Moorjoine. The spot they were in was quite open, being the upper part of the cleared space which Hulet had sought to avoid. The gloom here was not yet so deep but that their forms would be well outlined, and present fair marks to the Indians hurrying up. Without loss of time the rangers darted back and obtained cover.

Every weapon was soon reloaded. Fully alive to the occasion, the men stationed themselves a little distance apart and listened for their foes. Not a word was spoken, and even their very breaths were hushed.

Ten minutes thus passed. It was equally still beyond the open space. But suddenly a movement was heard a few rods away, and the gaze of the men was strained toward the place

whence it appeared to come. The fast-approaching darkness however, began to render objects on the open space very indistinct.

Will Revel glided noiselessly to the side of Mace.

"Take 'eer!" cautioned the latter. "We're in a hornet's nest jes' now. How'd ye find out 'bout thet cussed Hulet?"

Will rapidly explained.

"Hah! Then 'twas the Injun gal thet jest gave the signal!"

"She was goin' to find you," said Will. "But I s'pose she wanted to make sure that hellion was out o' the way fust."

"Nat'ral enough. He'd bring her into diffikilty, of course. But she k'n rest easy consarnin' him. Blast 'im, I wish we could 'a' got 'im inter our paws alive."

"Where were you, Mace?"

"Look out! Hark! Thar—it's all still ag'in. Durn 'em, they ain't 'n no hurry to move. Whar was I? Up nigh the Miami village when they gi'n me chase. It happened well, for I not only got away, but seen a scrimmage on the lake—or heerd it."

"Who?"

"Scarred Eagle an' Goodbrand war chased from the neck. They hed a rig'lar devil's tussle with some Injuns thet folloed 'em in a canoe. I warned 'em off, but it cost me a world of dodgin'. Ha, now thar's a move yender, fur sartin!"

Their whispers instantly ceased, and they listened intently. Any one unused to such scenes would not have believed a leaf had stirred.

But these men had no doubt that a number of their foes were moving so as to get in their rear. Revel saw Mace suddenly elevate his rifle, and then lower it with a muttered curse. At the same time a crackling noise came from the opposite side of the opening.

"We must sarcumvent 'em in that game," said Mace.

"How? fall back?"

"No—go forrard. No doubt half a dozen on 'em's gone down the ground, an' no knowin' how many ar' d'rectly opposite. We must pass ter the left o' these, an' go on towarts

the lake shore. Ef Rhodan hez got landed, he an' Goodbrand 'll need help. We must try ter git 'em with us."

"Very well. Shall I speak to the others?"

"Yis. No—hold on. I'll dew that myself, an' you go on—one on 'em's above ye now. I'll try ter cross here, shortly. You kin try the same further up."

"You'll git into greater danger by that," said Revel. "Them that ar' watchin' from where it's darker 'll see ye the better."

"'Tain't so much resk as ter lay still here when a number o' the skunks are creepin' up ahind us. Ef they come up in time we'll be atween tew fires, an' then thar wouldn't be half a chance left. Move on."

Convinced that his companion was right, Revel obeyed. The darkness was now so great that he could see scarce half a rifle's length around him. A few yards away he found another of the rangers, and hurriedly apprising him of Mace's plans, the two stole forward.

All the senses of the men were now literally strained. Not only had they to avoid making any noise which might disclose their position to lurking foes, but also to hold themselves ready for any sudden encounter. At any moment they might meet an enemy as agile, watchful and skilled in forest warfare as themselves. And yet, instead of a feeling of dread, one of wild, intense excitement thrilled their veins.

They had crept forward but a rod or two when they detected similar movements on their right. Will Revel knew that the Indians were moving up to intercept them, and that Mace was perhaps at that moment gliding across the open space.

He whispered a moment to his companion. The latter agreed to move on alone. Revel himself wished to strike across the open space at this point.

He waited some moments, listening to the almost noiseless advance of his fellow-rangers. Then he turned and was about to glide across the open space, when a voice spoke close to his ear. He knew it, and turned to see the Indian girl close beside him.

"Where go now?" she whispered.

"Over yonder," replied Revel. "Some of the warriors have gone below here, an'll soon be up ahind us."

"Be much careful" she admonished. "More warriors comin' from lake."

"Ar' ye sure?"

"Yes—sure. Has Evil Eye any news?"

"No," replied Will. "Seek Rhodan and Goodbrand. If we live, the White Fox shall be found."

At that instant a bright sheet of flame came from the opposite side of the space, and the report of a rifle followed. But before its echoes had ceased, a rifle just below them answered, and an Indian's death-groan was distinctly heard.

The Indian girl disappeared from Revel's side as noiseless as a shadow. Holding his rifle ready, he bent forward on foot and knee, his gaze toward the spot where the Indian had fallen. He knew it was Mace who had shot the warrior, and he resolved to wait till the former should move.

The forest was now as still as though no living being lurked in its depths. But presently he heard evidence that told him his companions below were coming toward him.

He rose cautiously, and began to move on. He believed Mace had changed his plan. Perhaps some of their foes were already gliding directly up on their rear. Suddenly he paused. Some of the rest were very near him.

"Mace?" he whispered.

"He's behind," whispered a voice belonging to another of the rangers. "Four or five ar' but a leetle ways ahind us."

"There's more ahead than we thought, tew. But there's no chance to tell the rest, and too late to go back. Come on!"

At this moment a sudden commotion began in the bushes not ten yards away. Not a cry was heard. The combatants were too intent on the struggle.

The two rangers leaped forward. In a second they could discern two dark figures clinched and struggling for the mastery. Before they themselves could interpose, a groan burst out, and one of the combatants dropped.

"Thar—durn yer!" muttered the voice of the triumphant ranger; but even as the unguarded words came from his lips, a hatchet in the hands of an Indian behind crashed through his brain, and he fell against Revel.

The latter nearly fell himself, but recovering, was in time

to ward off a knife-blow, and to close with a powerful savage. As he did so, two rifle-reports rung out near by, and he heard bold, bounding steps across the open space to his right.

He noted these circumstances, even at that fearful moment; and then he was struggling fiercely with his enemy.

The savage had him at a disadvantage; but Revel happened, at the outset, to grasp the Indian's long hair, and pulled his head back. With his left hand he grasped him around the waist, and tried to throw him. The Indian's left hand was nearly useless, but his right held a knife, which began to make havoc upon Revel's shoulder, despite the latter's endeavor to hold the Indian's arm.

Suddenly the struggle brought Revel's adversary against a prostrate tree-trunk over which he fell, dragging the ranger upon him. The accident enabled Will to draw his own knife, and the next instant it was buried in the Indian's breast!

Springing up, he saw that the ranger who had followed him had been similarly engaged. The latter was underneath a savage, and struggling desperately to avoid the knife-thrusts aimed at his breast. Revel sprung to his assistance. But a dark form was before him—that of Mace. The latter dealt the Indian a blow, and with a groan he rolled aside.

"Down, quick!" said Mace; and with the words, he dropped to the ground, jerking Will down beside him. Two or three reports rung out, and the bullets whistled over them. The three men hastily crept a few yards aside.

"Where's the rest?" whispered Will.

"A little below us, workin' their way up," said Mace. "They'll git tired o' this, cuss 'em."

"Poor Hank!" said Dan Hicks. "That makes two."

"They're gittin' paid!" said Mace, grimly. "Hish!"

Footsteps were distinguished coming from below. Mace was satisfied whose they were. In the course of three minutes, the other rangers came up. Meantime, nothing to indicate any new position of the Indians had been heard.

A hurried consultation was held by the men. Mace knew that not less than a dozen savages were around them yet. But the commotion had diverted those on the watch for Rholan; so it was naturally supposed the latter and his Indian friend had succeeded in landing, and were perhaps, not far off.

Yet to venture on signal-notes would apprise the savages of their exact position.

"Let each one hold his knife ready," said Mace. "We'll separate a little an' keep on this course. It's no wuss'n to stay here till they steal upon us. Mebbe we'll run across Rhodan. Come."

CHAPTER IV.

THE HUMAN BIRD.

OF course the rangers had conversed in whispers, which could not have been heard three yards away. And not for a second had they ceased to watch and listen with strained senses.

But they did not start. Another rifle spoke from the opposite side of the open space, the bullet passing near them. And during the succeeding moment or two, they detected movements at their left. For a short time longer they remained motionless and silent.

"These on our left ar' goin' up," said Mace. "Ten to one most o' the skunks ar' above us now. I'm goin' ter make stret across the openin'."

Joe Hill undertook to whisper something; but the other had no time to hear him, being already creeping after Mace. Joe suppressed a wrathful exclamation and followed.

The nature of the ground was such that a practiced scout could steal over it without much danger of being heard. The greatest danger was being seen. Each went on hand and knee, moving slowly. They were nearly across, when Mace suddenly stopped and hugged close to the ground. Those behind followed suit.

They were not more than ten yards from the edge of the woods beyond, which was marked by deeper darkness. What had Mace discovered?

It was a silent query soon answered. A figure was moving forward, intent on crossing to the side they had just left. Evidently the author of the last shot.

The Indian came on slowly. He was not over-cautious, for his body was but half bent. Its dim outlines barely perceptible through the deep gloom, seemed twice the natural size. He probably had not, as yet, the faintest suspicion that enemies were so near him.

He was nearly past the motionless rangers, when suddenly he stopped. Was it instinct or his keen vision-sense that caused him to glance around?

Not the latter, evidently, for soon he moved on.

He had taken no more than three steps, when he again stopped and peered aside. He was now but little more than a yard from the side of Joe Hill. He gazed around for a moment, and then bent lower down. He meant to know if the almost imperceptible stir made by Joe Hill was only fancy.

The Indian was speedily undeceived. Two long arms suddenly shot up, clasping his neck and throat like a vice. No power to cry out; nor to struggle. Two forms rose quickly, near Joe, and prevented this. The knife of one was sent to the Indian's heart. Half a minute later, Hill released his grasp, and was creeping forward after his companions.

They were shortly within the edge of the woods. At that moment three rifles spoke opposite the open space and above them. As though frightened by the commotion, two distinct cries of a night-hawk followed close upon the echoes of the reports.

"I was right!" whispered Mace. "That volley tells it. They don't suspect we've 'crossed the openin'. Come on!"

"No—here; not that way," said Revel. "Furder south, in the direction of the night-hawk's notes. They were made by the Injun girl, an' mean, come. We'll find it safer in that direction!"

And the prediction proved true. As the rangers crept in the direction indicated, their practiced ears heard stealthy footsteps a few rods away, approaching the open space they had just left.

Acting on the supposition that the way was clear before them, they ventured on more haste. Twenty minutes passed, and they were far from the scene of their late struggle. And all the while Will Revel was looking for some sign of Moor-

coine's presence. The section of forest they were now in was not very dense, and the stars overhead afforded a faint light around them.

"We're less 'n a mile from the lake," said Mace, halting. "Scarred Eagle must 'a' heerd the shots, an' orter be clus by ef he landed anywhar opposite us. I'll venture on a signal anyhow."

But another signal was given before him—that of the Indian girl, meaning "beware!" She was evidently at some point between them and the opening they had left. Were the Indians following them toward the lake?

A few moments of strict silence convinced them of this. Savages at the right, left, and not a hundred yards behind them.

Their predicament was hardly less dangerous than half an hour previous. They were further from their foes, but the latter had them within an arc, with the lake-shore for a base.

To get out of this was the point. They began a hurried consultation; but it was quickly brought to an end. Behind them, and on either flank the Indians were approaching rapidly. That the latter were aware of their position, was evident from their bold movements.

The rangers glided directly forward, from tree to tree. Presently the ball was opened by the discharge of several rifles behind them. A bullet grazed the arm of Ben Mace, the others were untouched. Then came a chorus of fierce, loud yells, enough to curdle the blood; but not of these men, who were now on a full run.

They knew ten minutes would bring them into the denser portion of forest, skirting the lake. Once there, a better chance would open for concealing themselves or stealing past their enemies.

"Spread out!" said Mace. "Thar'll be less chance o' bein' hit."

"Let us turn on dthe domd apes," cried Tim Devine, as a bullet grazed his shoulder. "Dthey be on us in a minnit."

"No; r-r-r-r-run, durn ye!" blurted Hill.

A peculiar whistle at this moment rung out at quite a distance ahead. All knew it was that of Scarred Eagle, and pressed on for life.

Three minutes later.

"I—say—Mace, what d'ye think of—"

"Yis; down for a second and turn on 'er. Don't waste lead!"

A number of Indians converging from the right were hardly thirty yards distant. Three or four of them had just fired, and a hasty glance behind showed them coming on in something of a cluster.

The pursued rangers suddenly stopped, dropped on foot and knee, and poured a volley into their pursuers. Then, amidst the echoes of yells and groans, they sprung onward again, like lightning. But the check they had given in one quarter was more than balanced by loss of time and the proximity of their enemies coming directly behind.

"Every man for himself, an' devil take the hindmost!" The action of the borderers was in keeping with this old saying, at least. Knife in one hand, rifle in the other, they sped on, intent on penetrating the deeper lines of darkness ahead.

The Indians were fearfully near. The foremost were hardly thirty feet behind when a hatchet whizzed, striking Tim's rifle and whirling him half round. He was barely in time to recover his balance and club his rifle.

"Take dthat! Oeh, here's for betthur nor worse, thin!"

He had laid one of his assailants low, and the next instant was grasped by another. By great good-fortune he knifed this one, who in convulsive agony bore him to the ground. At the moment two rifles rung out and two savages fell headlong, rolling over both.

With desperate quickness, the Irishman sprung up in time to see one or two men vanish before him. He sprung after them, not certain whether they were friends or foes.

The matter was soon determined. A dozen bounds brought him to a natural barricade of prostrate tree-trunks, over which he tumbled in his excitement, his heels coming in contact with the head and shoulders of a man.

"Gi-gi-git—oh, cuss ye!" muttered Hill.

"Hish!" said a voice. "Crunch down hyur all on ye, an' not stir onless—"

The voice was that of Scarred Eagle. He had not a chance

to finish the sentence, for a dark body of savages were rushing on, not ten yards away. He himself dashed away with Goodbrand, leaving the men crouched under the fallen timber.

Every one of them understood Scarred Eagle's object. His plan was the bold one of trying to draw the entire *posse* of Indians past them, running the risk of escaping himself afterward. And, indeed, the bounds of himself and Goodbrand, as they sped away, were enough to convince the pursuers that all their victims were yet running. But to make the deception more perfect, a loud, excited voice cried :

"Now—to the lake-shore for y'ur lives!"

The next moment a number of savages rushed past, on either side of the concealed men, and four or five sprung directly over them. One of these, unfortunately for himself, slipped and fell beside them. But the incident was unheeded by his companions, and before they were a dozen bounds away, the hand of Ben Mace stilled the savage forever.

Then every man reloaded as quickly as it was possible to do in the gloom.

"What d'ye think, Mace?" whispered Revel.

"We might 's well skim back an' git ter the bivouac ef we kin. The woods 'pears ter be full on 'em, cuss 'em!"

"Just what I think. Less you an' me an' Dan, try to find poor Hank an' the rest, an' make stret back."

"An' laive Scarred Aigle is it?" said Tim. "Divil blow yees, pwhat wan of ye—"

"Oh, *shet* up!" ejaculated Hill. "Him an' Goodbrand 'll uther dodge 'em or take th-th-the *boat*; blast ye, come on!"

They moved quickly and stealthily back on the course. There was no danger of their being heard, for the commotion made by the outwitted savages came every moment to their ears.

But they had not proceeded very far when the noise and commotion ceased. Mace paused and glanced back anxiously.

"Mebbe the murderin' skunks begin ter suspect what's happened," he said. "Must be Rhodan an' Goodbrand 'll uther git back this way, ur take to thar canoe. But ef I thought—"

He suddenly ceased speaking and listened intently. A thrill war-whoop echoed through the woods in the direction

of the baffled Indians. It was succeeded by a chorus of fierce shouts.

"One or both on 'em 's took!" exclaimed Mace, excitedly. "'Twas the price fur snatchin' us frum death, an' I fur one 'll go back ag'in' all odds!"

"Good, me hairy!" exclaimed the impulsive Irishman. "Tim Devine 'ud foller yees ef 'twas to dthe mouth of purgatory itself. Thue as me father was a docthur!"

Ere the generous Celt had concluded, all of them had started. Each knew it might be his last tramp on earth. But not one of them would have hesitated even before more certain perils. And they hoped that Scarred Eagle might yet escape.

As they were hurrying on, a dark figure appeared suddenly before them.

"No go yit—wait," said a low voice.

It was the Indian girl, Moorrooine. And as she spoke the rangers were around her.

"What?" said Revel. "Do you know what has happened?"

"She kain't do no good—come on," exclaimed Mace. "We orter know what that war-whoop meant."

"'Twas Miami whoop—but friendly one," persisted the girl. "Warkechin. Know him. Called Goodbrand."

Mace paused. "How d'ye know?" he said. "An' yit—"

"I b'lieve it!" said Hicks and Revel, in a breath. "Ye know it mout be, Ben," continued the latter. "The Miami is workin' for Rhodan's safety an' his own."

"Yes; tryin' save *both*," said Moorrooine. "Now you know *that*—go on, help."

She herself led the way, keeping in view before them for a few seconds, and then disappearing altogether. She seemed to move as noiseless as a bird.

Again every thing around was silent as a charnel-house. The rangers, scattered quite a distance apart, soon halted at a signal from Mace, and came together.

"Two kin go ahead an' reconnoiter," he said. "You an' me, Revel. Ef Scarred Eagle is atween us an' the Injuns he'll show himself soon. Ef 'e don't, we'll—huh! Thet Injun girl ag'in, I reckon."

It was, indeed, Moorrooine, who had turned back to meet them.

"Both comin'—sure!" she said, hurriedly. "Moorooin's ears have been open. She heard warriors talk. White Fox is prisoner at village. Evil Eye know where. Mus' go there now, 'fore warriors suspect me. I will try for save White Fox till his brothers come to help me."

Loud, fierce yells suddenly resounded through the dim aisles of the woods, from the direction of the lake. At the same moment the bounds of two men were heard close by.

"Friends most here," added the girl. And as she dashed away, Scarred Eagle and Goodbrand sprung forward into their midst.

CHAPTER V.

THE GORGE DECOY.

"On to the gorge!" exclaimed Scarred Eagle, hurriedly. And forthwith, all were gliding back in that direction.

A few minutes brought them into the denser section of woods beside the opening. Here they halted and listened, but heard as yet no sound of pursuit.

Mace hurriedly explained what had taken place, together with the fact revealed by the Indian girl, that Brom was a prisoner.

"What!" said Scarred Eagle, hoarsely. "The boy took?" The revelation of Hulet's treachery and death was as nothing to this.

"Thar's no doubt on't, Rhodan," replied Mace. "He 'ud 'is arrant at the fort an' got nabbed in the neighborhood of the village on his way back."

At this moment, Goodbrand, who had remained in the rear, glided up.

"Bes' go!" he whispered. "Comin' ag'in, an' more from village, guess!"

"You that *kin*, find the body of poor Hank an' hide it from their devilish ways!" said Scarred Eagle.

This was soon done. The friendly Miami kept somewhat

in the rear of the rest, who pressed cautiously on toward the gorge.

For some time not even a whisper was uttered. A terrible anxiety filled the heart of Scarred Eagle. All knew the cause was Brom Vail. But they knew a present attempt to reach the village and endeavor to release the latter, would be worse than useless. It would be an extremely dangerous undertaking under far more favorable circumstances. But one thought gave a ray of hope, and that was what the Indian girl had promised. But would she alone be able to effect Brom's release?

They were nearing the retreat when Scarred Eagle suddenly halted and listened anxiously.

"Goodbrand orter jined us by this time," he said. "But thar's one thing, men. Whatever news he may bring of the mad devils, we must git close to their camp afore mornin' ef the boy's tu be saved. Mebbe he kain't be. It'll be an uncommon job to undertake, an' I ask no man tu go that ain't parfictly willin'."

"'Tain't a fair way o' puttin' it!" said Mace. "Ye'd orter know thar ain't a man of us thet won't stan' by ye an' him till the last!" This resolve was echoed by the rest.

"I knowed it, men, I knowed it!" said Scarred Eagle, hopefully. "Our mission as scouts is done, mostly. The major at the the fort's got his cue, an' thar's nothin' but to wait till Bradstreet comes up, when a sally kin be made. Ay, here's Goodbrand!"

The latter glided up with the news that quite a reinforcement had arrived from the direction of the Indian village. Some of these were seeking out their dead warriors; others were lurking in the woods near the scene of conflict.

"No danger come here afore light" added Goodbrand. "They keep big watch an' look for trail in mornin'!"

"Afore then, we'll make indivors to help a boy that's never finched a duty on account of danger," said Rhodan. "We'll git to the gorge fust, an' consider our plans."

The mouth of this was soon reached. They stole cautiously up to the bivouac, guided only by sense of touch and a previous knowledge of the place. The darkness of midnight reigned. Goodbrand remained a short distance away, as

sentinel. The rest sought for the victim of Hulet's treachery; but for some time the search was vain. At last it was found and brought into a recess in the cliff where a torch had been lit. Exclamations of horror burst from the rangers as the light shone upon the body. It told a fearful story better than words could have done.

The victim had been mangled about the head, breast and arms by some wild beast—a panther, probably. It was well known this animal never preys upon a *dead body*! The inference was horrible! The animal must have hovered near, and, attracted by the smell of blood, attacked the unfortunate man while the latter was dying. His rifle was found discharged, and he had evidently made one desperate effort to keep the monster at bay!

The men looked at each other with faces blanched.

"The curse of every honest man light on the head of the wretch that caused this!" said Scarred Eagle, breathing hard. "But—ay, the wretch has gone to his account, an' 'll be judged accordin' to his deeds. Take the body out, men, an' place it where it'll never be distarbed."

They obeyed, with sad and gloomy feelings. The body was placed in one of the nooks with which the sides of the cliff abounded. This being securely closed, the midnight burial was over.

The rangers stood consulting with their leader, when suddenly Goodbrand came in.

"They comin'—*find*!" he said, excitedly. "We bes' go quick, 'fore surround!"

They immediately glided out and passed down to the mouth of the gorge. Then, turning to the right, they struck into a narrow by-path leading to the rear of the high cliffs.

"Now, Goodbrand," said Scarred Eagle, pausing, "tell us the lay o' the denger that we may use our wits to the purpus."

"This right way!" was the other's whispered reply. "They comin' from way we came. Very slow come, so's take sure."

"Hish!" interrupted Scarred Eagle. "*We're surrounded now!* Drop close, every man, an' not stir for your lives!"

As he gave this order, he glided from their midst directly

back toward the gorge. Perhaps not more than two of the men imagined his object. But not one of them moved or even whispered.

Hardly a minute passed before he was again beside them. Meantime they had heard abundant evidence that the gorge retreat was indeed surrounded, though not closely.

"The bloody-minded whelps ar' drawin' the circle closer," said Scarred Eagle. "They'll see a torch prisently, which I've took good care to fix in the rocks. It's a great p'int that they think they ain't suspected here. The light'll burn out afore half an hour. When it does, they'll think it's snatched away by our hands. They won't dare to enter the gorge afore light, thinkin' their enemy is prepared. But they'll watch about here till then. Ef we k'n git clear 'ithout a tussle, our chance at the village 'll be all that a reasonable man orter expect. Ye see how much depends."

A moment later the men were stealing forward, each one by himself. Not a dry leaf rustled under a hand or knee; not a bush was caused to vibrate; even their breaths were drawn slowly as their bodies were. The least accident would prove fatal, and all realized it.

Twenty minutes passed, as time is counted; but, to each of the men, it seemed an hour. Then they found themselves together near a brook whose waters caught the glimmer of the starlight. And as yet they had not moved more than fifty yards. At this moment several Indian signals were heard. As by magic the rangers, who had partly risen, sunk to the ground.

It was well they did so in time. Between them and the space along the banks of the brook, several figures glided by and disappeared in the gloom above. One passed so near, they might have touched him.

They did not venture to move again for several minutes. Scarred Eagle was the first to set the example—all following him silently. They had gone but a short distance further when a chorus of triumphant signal-shouts came from the vicinity of the gorge.

"That tells it," said Scarred Eagle, pausing. "The skunks think they've got us caged, an' now we must work fast. "Ar' ye sure ye killed the tretor, Mace?"

The sudden question made the men glance into each other's faces in surprise.

"The blow I gin 'im orter done it," answered Mace, with a savage imprecation. "I didn't hev any time ter look close."

"I'm 'fear'd ye didn't," said the veteran scout. "Least wise, he must 'a' lived long enough ter told some on 'em what our bivouac was. But, thar's no time ter talk of that, *now*. We must siperate. 'Tain't more'n half a mile to the p'int of shore where the canoe's hid. You, Goodbrand, take Hill and Revel with ye, an' bring the canoe ter the place ye know of nigh the village. Me an' Mace'll go stret through an' git thar long enough afore ye to see what's to be done. Hicks an' Tim'll stay behind an—"

"Divil a fut behint!" interrupted the Irishman, stoutly. "No, be gobs! Phat'll I stay behint for? I'll take me share in the worst as well as the best, so I!"

"Ef by the wust ye mean *danger*, ye'll find enough o' that, both on ye," said Scarred Eagle. "This hyur neighborhood 'll be thoroughly s'arched by mornin'. Ef, in the course of two hours after the rest are gone, you an' Hicks sh'u'd be convinced these devils war goin' *back* toward the village, it'll be y'ur part ter draw 'em back, so's to give us a better chance to work for the boy."

"A chance, is it? P'what c'u'd the two of us alone do?"

"I needn't say thar's no time to lose, Tim," said the other, "an' I trust ye won't hender us."

"I'll *sthay*," said Tim, spitefully. "Ownly—look now: suppose yees all git in dthe lurch! S'posin' yees all fail! *Dthat's* it—how are we to know?"

"By comin' to a place that I've told Hicks of," said Scarred Eagle. "We'll have the boy out o' thar clutches afore three hours, I hope. Keep a sharp look-out about here. Ef ye should ondertake to draw 'em after ye, take good care ye don't git nabbed y'urselves. You'll find y'ur task dangerous enough."

Goodbrand and his two companions glided away in the gloom toward the point of shore where lay the hidden canoe. Scarred Eagle and Mace stood a few moments listening, till

sure that Hicks and the Irishman were well off toward a spot where they had been directed to take a position to wait and watch. Then they themselves started on their perilous mission to the Indian village.

CHAPTER VI.

BEAUTY IN BONDS.

THE Indian village was about six miles distant, and stood on a high bluff overlooking the Detroit river. A jut from the rocky bluff extended some fifty feet into the stream at this point. At the angle thus formed was a gloomy subterranean passage, through which the water flowed with a sullen roar. Far within, the channel made an abrupt turn, gliding past a recess in the rocks large enough to contain a dozen men. Thence was a devious, rough passage communicating with the shore.

This was Goodbrand's destination with the canoe and men. Once within, they could watch the village, and be able to penetrate to its very center at short notice.

The Indians did not know of this subterranean chamber and of the subterranean passage they held a tradition that it was the abode of an evil spirit, and never entered it. This fact was well known to several rangers who had explored the passage, and now its existence seemed most favorable to their undertaking.

Scarred Eagle and Mace pressed forward as fast as possible. They hoped to reach the village and by some stratagem release Brom Vail before daylight. The chance seemed favorable. Many of the warriors were absent at the siege of the fort, and of those not so employed, they had reason to believe a good portion were at that moment hovering about the gorge.

The two men were more than two-thirds of the distance to the Indian village, when suddenly Scarred Eagle, who was in advance, put back his hand and came to a dead halt.

"What is it?" whispered Ben Mace.

The other did not answer at once. With his body bent forward he was listening intently; and now, through the gloomy, solemn aisles, Mace detects sounds telling that lurkers are ahead.

"Kin it be thet some o' the reds have come in another direction from the gorge? If so—"

"No, Mace, 'tain't it. I don't b'lieve I'm deceived in thinkin' these ahead is them that ar' takin' the dead an' wounded to the village. They hev ter move slow, an' that's why we've overtook 'em."

"What's ter be done? Ef we wait ter foller 'em—"

He was interrupted by Rhodan's grasping his arm, and for a moment or two they almost held their breaths. Both entertained the same suspicions now, and were waiting to see if these would be verified.

They did not remain long in doubt. The fact that the party ahead had begun to move on again, making considerable noise, did not deceive the scouts. They were almost sure some of the party had turned back, evidently suspicious of being followed.

It was easy for the rangers to evade these. But they wished to do more. The evident suspicion in the mind of the Indians, that a white foe had been secretly dogging their steps, must be dispelled; otherwise an attempt to enter the village unperceived, would be worse than useless.

"They've heerd sunthin' thet makes 'em suspicious," said Scarred Eagle. "They must go on, satisfied 'twas a panther on thar tracks scentin' the blood of the wounded warriors. Come in here, where the darkness is thicker."

They moved to the left, keeping a yard or two apart, and taking steps which might indeed be mistaken for those of the animal named. Under a dense foliage they halted, and then a purring sound broke out through the stillness. As the slight echoes ceased, an almost imperceptible stir was heard not far ahead; but this as suddenly ceased, and all became silent again. It was evident the fellow had not entirely taken the bait.

Scarred Eagle and Mace now dropped upon all-fours and stole forward, imitating the stealthy advance of a panther.

Suddenly the silence was again broken by a cry that caused startling echoes around. These had scarcely died away when the sound of feet was heard retreating rapidly toward the Indian camp. The ruse had succeeded.

"What now, Rhodan?" said Mace, as they rose.

"Foller 'em up," was the brief reply.

"We mout flank past 'em."

"'Twould be no use. We'd lose as much as we'd gain."

"'Tain't an hour to daylight now."

"I know; but 'twon't do to resk diskivery yit!" said Scarred Eagle, with a tremor in his voice. "We must fust git into camp, an' try to find where Brom, ef he's alive, is confined. Then—'ll come the resk."

"Goodbrand an' the rest must be at the jut afore this."

"They won't move 'ithout a good reason till they hear something of us. Not till the last minnit must we signal an attack—not till t'other plan fails."

The two were stealing forward again, keeping as near to the retreating Indians as possible without danger of discovery.

"Thar'll be a powwow when these 'uns git in with thar burdens," said Mace. "It'll rouse the hull nest."

"It'll be the more in our favor," said the other. "We must keep a sharp watch for the Indian girl."

In a few minutes they noticed that it began to be lighter ahead, and they were very near the open bluff on which stood the village. Pushing forward, they soon saw the Indians before them, as the latter emerged upon the bluff. As these disappeared, the trailers pressed on; the more hastily, as a sound began to break on their ears, denoting some unusual commotion in the village.

A moment or two later, and they were peering into the camp. The inmates were not only astir, but seemed greatly excited. It was not all caused by the approach of those bearing the dead and wounded, for even as the scouts looked, these last were discovered and greeted with howls of sorrow.

"What kin it mean, Scarred Eagle?"

"Let's git nearer an' see. Thar's a good chance now."

They began to glide forward, on hand and knee, directing their course so as to gain the rear of a row of rude huts.

Meantime, the excitement among the warriors seemed to increase, and yells, fierce and angry, were mingled with the cries of grief. The two men were about twenty yards from the edge of the woods, when they raised partly up beside a stump, and obtained a better view of the excited throng. To their surprise, they saw that not less than fifty warriors were present, nearly a score of whom were clustered upon the bank of the river, just above the angle formed by the jut.

"Thar!" exclaimed Mace. "The story's told. Thar's more o' the hellions here than we thought, an' the wust on't is they've suspected Goodbrand's party, an' ar' watchin' the rocks!"

"I see!" said Scarred Eagle, uneasily. "It's an unfortun'it thing for all. But, I'll try ter find the boy if my life payt for the attempt. Seems ter me the Injun gal—ha, look there! It's *her*, as I live!"

A number of the Indians were hurrying a captive, who had been in their midst, toward one of the huts. The glow of starlight over the open bluff enabled the lurking men to identify the captive as Moorooine. They knew her by occasionally hearing her name pronounced, coupled with angry maledictions. She was bound hand and foot, and thrust into one of the huts, as though she had been a brute.

"The brave gal's been catched in tryin' to do sunthin' for Brom," said Rhodan. *He's* in one o' the huts above, where they've put her in, likely. I judge so, 'cos two o' the impa seem ter be watchin' it close. No doubt the boy 's well tied; but since his release hez been undertook, they mean ter make sure on 'im. Thar's one apiece for us to work for, now, Ben Mace, an' no hope thet any o' the rest 'll git a chance ter help us. Be ye ready?"

"Lead on!"

They again crept forward, and soon found themselves in the rear of the line of huts. They could hear the tread of feet, and the jabber of excited voices, all making a confusion most favorable to their purpose. Not ten feet lay between them and the hut into which had been thrust the Indian girl, when an Indian was dimly seen, coming from the opposite space toward them.

They lay as close to the ground as possible. The savaga

came on, and the concealed men saw that another followed. Both halted so near, that they might not only have touched the lurking whites, but have *seen* them by a chance look-down. One lightning glance on the part of the scouts, revealed the odious face of the wretch, Hulet!

"Now, speak," said the Indian to the renegade. "What was Sly Hate to say that he has not said?"

"This, Heavy Sleep," replied the other, speaking so as to be heard above the confusion around. "The waters are deep where they pass under the rocks. The roar makes your people afraid."

"Ugh!" muttered Heavy Sleep, shaking his head. "A bad Manitou keeps council there. What mean?"

"I know a secret about the place, which I learnt from our white enemies by stealth. I will tell you what it is, and then—ha, what, ho!"

By accident the wretch cast his eye down, and noted a dark crouching figure. The next moment it sprung up like lightning, and a knife was buried to the hilt in Hulet's breast! Heavy Sleep, with a ringing yell, sprung upon Mace, who met him with the same bloody weapon which had sent the renegade to death. The Indian avoided the thrust, however; but before he could seize his adversary, the hatchet of Scarred Eagle crashed through his brain!

"Come!" cried Mace, hoarsely, and he had just turned to flee, as a bevy of Indians burst through between the huts, who, uttering their alarm-cries, sprung after him. In an instant pursued and pursuers were off like the wind.

Scarred Eagle had hesitated a moment too long. Notwithstanding the danger, he could not bring himself to flee. A sudden wild hope, that the confusion might enable him to yet rescue his boy, determined him. And just before the aroused warriors darted from the front in pursuit of Mace, he threw himself flat to the ground close beside the hut.

The excitement and alarm that now prevailed may be imagined. Half a dozen times, in as many seconds, Scarred Eagle was upon the point of springing up, as he imagined he was discovered. Some of the reds, not in pursuit of Mace, almost trod upon him, as they huddled around the bodies of Heavy Sleep and Hulet. In a few moments the victims were

carried around to the front, and, watching his opportunity Scarred Eagle nestled more closely to the rear side of the hut. Then, hastily making an aperture, he peered in, and saw the captive Indian girl tightly bound and alone. Something more than a desire to communicate with her caused him to squeeze under the rude tent-cloth and enter. There was a pile of skins in the nearest corner, under which he might secrete himself, and he lost no time in doing so.

The rush of feet from the river convinced him he was in a narrow had been his escape thus far. The spot where the victims had fallen was again crowded, amid a perfect tornado of howls and imprecations. Seeing there were no warriors about the door, he spoke to the Indian girl, who seemed unaware of his presence. His voice reached her, and with a painful effort she raised her head and recognized him.

"White Fox got away, but drown in river," she said, faintly "Me no care for to live now! Hide down quick—soon comin'."

Scarred Eagle crouched under the skins, keeping his weapons ready. His quick mind had its own theory in regard to Brom's death. Some of the terribly-enraged warriors, evidently well aware of some part taken by the girl in regard to Brom, came forward, their eyes glaring like a hyena's. But at this moment three ringing rifle-reports came from the forest, causing them to rush out tumultuously.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HEART OF LOVE.

To understand Moorooine's situation, it is necessary that we briefly trace her movements after leaving the side of the rangers in the forest.

She had experienced much difficulty in getting clear of the circle of warriors without discovery. The latter had dispatched two of their swiftest runners for reinforcements, and these had begun to arrive. Knowing that a knowledge of

her presence would arouse suspicions, he had been obliged to remain concealed a long time. And when, at last, she made good her retreat toward the village, she little dreamed that two persons who knew of her movements and intentions had gone to intercept her.

One of these was the wretch Hulet. The blow of Mace had stunned him only, and when the closely-pressed rangers dashed back to cover, he managed to creep away, and soon communicated with a warrior, and disclosed all he knew. And half an hour later, the warrior was going with him toward the village, after informing another where the bivouac of the rangers was situated. But concerning Moorooine the fellow kept silent.

The two reached the village but a short time before the Indian girl. The latter found that a number of warriors had come in from the siege of the fort, and that the whole camp was in commotion over the news brought by the runners.

Knowing of the reinforcements sent to hunt down the rangers, she felt that no aid would come from them. The task of releasing Brom was to devolve upon her alone. She well knew what the consequences of failure or even of success might be. But she did not shrink.

It took her some time to find the bark lodge where Brom was confined. The next thing was to ascertain if he were alone, and if not, to devise some stratagem to get rid of his guard.

To her joy she found that the prisoner was alone. To make an opening in the rear of his prison-hut and creep inside, was the work of a moment.

An idea of her extreme caution and skill may be formed from the fact, that as yet the two plotters watching for her appearance were not aware of her return.

No sooner had she entered the hut, than she closed the aperture and crept toward White Fox, who was sitting upright. He heard and suspected her. He had in fact hoped to receive her aid, and had rightly supposed she was not ignorant of his situation. The thought that she was near caused the blood to course through his veins like wildfire. But suddenly, a warrior appeared in the door, and Moorooine crouched behind the one she loved, as noiseless as a shadow!

The warrior stood a moment, and then entered, peering around the gloomy interior. Pausing before the prisoner, he assured himself that the latter's wrists and ankles were well secured and then passed out again among the excited throng.

The moment he disappeared, Moorooine glided beside the aroused ranger and quickly severed the thongs about his wrists.

"Don't stir till I tell you!" she whispered. "Me go out first an' find best way to git off an' cheat warriors."

"God bless ye, my own sweet Wild Flower," said the young man, fervently, as he pressed her heaving bosom against his own, and his lips to hers. "You risk your life for mine"

"Mustn't—no time now," she said, releasing herself. "Put hands together again as before; use this knife to loose feet when time come."

He obeyed her instantly. The noise outside precluded their being heard. They might be seen, though the guard having just passed out after looking at the prisoner, it was not probable he would soon return. But both kept a sharp watch as they talked.

"If I escape, you go with me," said Brom.

"Yes; go help you clear."

"You must go with me for *good*, Moorooine. I want you always. You shall be my wife."

"Talk of that when more time," she said. "Go with you *now* first. Have to for always, s'pose, or else warriors kill me."

"Be very careful. If you should be found out, they'd kill you. That would make my life bitter. You must not die for me."

"Would *willin'* if need," she said, as she pressed his hand. "There—now must go, hurry. Be back very quick!"

She noiselessly crept through the aperture and closed it. Then, with great caution, she glided forward, and passed behind a huge boulder, from which a path led down a declivity to the river. She darted down the path, and in five minutes returned. Her own canoe was in its accustomed place, and between the rows of lodges yet came the sounds of engrossing discussion. The moment had come.

With beating heart she approached the prison-hut. But two figures novering near rose and barred her way. They were those of Hulet and the savage before mentioned! A feeling of the bitterest disappointment and dread filled her soul as she recognized Sly Hate, whom till now she thought killed. But she quailed not.

"Come this way," said the Indian, who was called Heavy Sleep. The girl could but obey, and the trio moved further aside.

"Listen!" said Heavy Sleep, as they halted. "Sporting Fawn has been much in woods to-night to warn our enemies, who have killed many warriors. Sly Hate has seen you, so there is no chance to tell lies, if you would. None of the warriors know this yet but Heavy Sleep. If they should find out, then what?"

"Then I would be killed," she answered, while a shudder passed over her. She knew the object of Heavy Sleep. He had long sought her hand, but in vain. He was accounted a cruel monster, even among his own tribe; capable of committing any atrocity to gratify revenge. Many hated him, while fearing his malice. And now he held the girl's life in his hand, and well she knew the price he would ask for it. The thought of this was what made her shudder.

"Yes, be killed *hard*!" he said. "But, I will save you if you will be my squaw. None of the warriors shall ever know of what you have done to-night. Be my squaw and *live*. Speak!"

"And if I say no?"

"Then I shall take you into the midst of the warriors yonder, and Sly Hate will tell his story," replied Heavy Sleep, grasping her arm.

"Hearken, Heavy Sleep!" she said. "It is true that I have been in the woods; but it was to save blood, not to spill it. Many times, as you know, I have risked the favor of my people by urging them to live at peace with the whites."

The savage clutched her arm more tightly and said:

"No need to say that again. We all know it. You love pale faces. That is enough to make you die! I and Sly Hate have watched you. You are even now going to find White Fox so as to get him away. But you never try. Which will

you do? Be my squaw, or burn at the stake with the whole tribe mocking and hating your memory? Which?"

The girl could not repress a shudder, which the savage noticed. It was a terrible choice. But, her wits did not forsake her. She saw that Heavy Sleep and his ally had just come up, and did not know she already had communicated with White Fox.

"Move aside and give me time to think alone!" she replied, as she drew her arm away, and looked upward at the stars. "I am much afraid you would hate me after a while, Heavy Sleep. You would get tired of me, and then give me up to the vengeance of the tribe."

"No!" replied the Indian, with a degree less of harshness in his tone. "Heavy Sleep would keep his word. Give you a little time; but think *fast*. We shall be watching you."

He passed a few yards away with Hulet. The girl's thoughts came and went like lightning. Heavy Sleep evidently believed she would consent, with such a fearful alternative before her. But she was fully resolved to attempt the release of Brom, if she died for it. While trying to devise some desperate expedient, a drift of clouds suddenly shut out the star-light, and she knew that, for a moment, her body would hardly be seen. She glided straight forward, as though to pass between the two nearest huts. But, instead of doing so, she suddenly turned and darted to the left; and by the time her two watchers had discovered her *ruse*, she was in the prison-hut beside Brom.

"It's the last chance—*run!*" she exclaimed, in a wild whisper.

The young ranger had no time to question her, or even to think. Steps were heard close to the aperture where the girl had just entered. The moment she spoke, Brom cut the thongs about his ankles, and sprung up to encounter the guard, who had heard a noise and rushed to the door. A blow from Brom knocked the fellow prostrate, and, before the throng outside were well aware of it, a figure darted clear of their circle and ran like a deer toward the woods!

The air was rent with fierce yells as the crowd broke and pursued. Brom saw that he could not reach the woods in time to get clear. Within ten feet of the bluff he turned, and

with one bound leaped into the deep, swift current, not twenty feet above the mouth of the subterranean passage!

As he disappeared in the water, an excited crowd appeared on the bank, astonished into momentary silence by the act. And when the moments passed, and no form broke the waters, none doubted that the prisoner had been swept into the subterranean passage, a victim to the evil spirit presiding there.

The Indian girl attempted to escape with Brom; but Heavy Sleep, as implacable as death, gave no thought then but to her capture. She, indeed, sprung clear of the lodge, and as Brom fled, with the crowd after him, she started in the same direction with the pursuers. As she suddenly darted aside from these, Heavy Sleep spied her, and, throwing his hatchet struck her senseless to the ground.

These scenes took place only a few minutes before Scarred Eagle and Mace came within view of the camp. Of what followed, the reader is already aware.

CHAPTER VIII.

A BLOODY TROPHY.

SCARRED EAGLE well knew whence the shots came. The moment the Indians rushed from the lodge he glided from beneath the pile of skins, and quickly freed the limbs of Moorooine,

"Courage, girl," he whispered. "I b'leve Brom's saved. We must git out o' this afore they come back!"

As he spoke he sprung from her side, and peering out saw the Indians yet rushing pell-mell toward the high bank of the river.

"Now's our time—come!" he added, turning to the Indian girl.

She had started to her feet, filled with a new strength at the thought that Brom was saved and her own escape probable. But as Rhodan was about to glide out he caught a

glimpse of a figure moving up from the left of the entrance. There was no time to ensconce himself under the pile of skins. Instead, he crouched close to the side of the lodge, and Moorooine sunk back to her former attitude.

They had barely time to do this when a savage entered hastily and stood beside the girl.

"Sporting Fawn too young to die," he said. "If come to my lodge an' be my squaw, take 'er dar now in canoe. Mus come quick!"

As he spoke he drew his knife, and bent low to cut her bonds. The sudden discovery that these were no longer upon her caused the fellow to straighten up in astonishment. He had no time to question her or even to glance around. A quick, powerful blow from behind laid him senseless. Moorooine again sprung to her feet, and the next moment was gliding across to the opposite row of huts after Scarred Eagle. The moment they were behind these they turned toward the north. But they had not gone more than twenty yards when, amid the general noise of alarm, they heard the ringing cry of the warrior whom they had just evaded.

It was lucky for them the fellow raised the cry, for it was answered by others whom in a moment more the fugitives would have met.

At the moment they were near a large square hut, and having no time to do better, crouched close beside it.

The Indians rushed past them, and were for a moment hid from view by an intervening lodge. The cry had recalled others from the vicinity of the subterranean passage, and these were heard rushing up.

"Must git in here if can—quick!" whispered the girl.

It was a desperate attempt; but more dangerous to remain still or attempt to run further. They crept rapidly forward, and at a moment when the backs of the startled Indians were toward them, darted inside.

"This council-house," said the girl. "Mebbe not look here soon. Best hide up there!"

She hurriedly pointed overhead to rude beams laid across from side to side. Half the space was floored with small rough logs. The cabin had evidently been reared by some French trapper. With a lightning movement Scarred Eagle

lifted her up, almost as soon as the suggestion was made, and as she obtained a footing he sprang up after her.

For the time they were safe. Words can give no idea of the excitement and confusion that now prevailed. It was frenzied. The last fifteen minutes had marked the death of Heavy Sleep and the renegade, the escape of Mace, the occurrence of the shots; and as a climax, some other deadly, unseen foe had snatched one from captivity on whom the savages had calculated to execute a terrible vengeance! No wonder these events, so rapidly succeeding each other, made them crazy with alarm and confusion.

Scarred Eagle and Moorooine lost not a second in moving close to the eaves of the roof and stretching themselves at length.

They heard the baffled savages darting around the outside of the cabin. Some of them entered it, but were evidently satisfied with the fact that no one was below, without thinking to look aloft. Others ran rapidly to the north, east and west, beating every spot that might for a moment conceal a fugitive.

Scarred Eagle was able to judge very nearly of the disposition of his enemies. He knew that at least half a dozen were after Mace. He little feared for the latter; but ever since the shots came, he feared that those at the retreat had unwittingly led the savages to suspect their hiding-place. In that case the capture of all would be only a question of time.

He realized the precarious situation of himself and the Indian girl: at any moment they might be discovered. Still there was a hope—a bare chance that they might remain there till night came. Pending that time there seemed not the least possible chance of escape, even should they remain undiscovered.

In half an hour it was fully light. Meantime, from the shouts and cries, Rhodan knew the searchers were still at work. On every side of the village the search had been keen and simultaneous. How would it end?

Through a crevice in the logs he managed, at last, to get a view of the ground near the subterranean passage. It was not occupied, and the fact cheered him. It was evident that the savages believed the daring authors of the shots

had escaped down the banks of the river. Some were still absent on their trail, leaving the rest to look for the daring enemy who had liberated the Indian girl.

These soon returned to the center of the village. There was about a score of them in all. Their looks showed that their poor success was operating on their superstitious notions. Could it be possible they believed their last unknown enemy had escaped, and that they had given o'er the search?

This was the question Scarred Eagle asked himself. Moorroine had softly gained a position at his side, and was listening to the excited conversation going on but a little distance away.

"Good—very good!" she whispered, at length.

"What is it, gal?" inquired Scarred Eagle, anxiously.

"The canoe gone!" she answered, drawing a breath of relief.

"What canoe, Moorroine?"

"Mine. They s'pose we took an' escaped!"

"Is that what they say—ar' ye sure?"

"Yes; sure. We safe for more longer anyway. S'pose white friends safe too—all safe? Why s'pose White Fox safe?"

"I judge he is from what you told me an' from what I noticed when I crept into the village. You said he got away but was drowned in the river."

"Yes; seen 'im run—jump in, above the dark passage. Bad place—bad spirit lives there."

"That's one o' the foolish notions of y'ur people, Moorroine; but Brom ain't afraid o' the place. I've gre't hopes 'twas the means o' savin' him."

He briefly explained the nature of the place to her, adding that he had no doubt the rangers were at that moment concealed there. She listened with great interest.

"Good," she said. "They help us if can, then."

"Thar's jist a hope; but it's a slim one," said the scout.

"If they take a notion to s'arch this place we'll be lost, sartm. If we kin keep hid till night comes ag'in—eh, what's hatchin' now?"

They listened, Moorroine keeping her ear close to the crevice. Suddenly she turned her head and peeped out. She

recognized the warrior whose proposition to save her an hour before had been so suddenly interrupted by Scarred Eagle.

The quick-witted Indian girl understood all at a glance. The fellow had not told of his own mishap, only that he had found the girl gone. He well knew she could not have got far away, and, failing to find her around the village, had a suspicion she was secreted somewhere within. The missing canoe did not satisfy him. He was now pointing toward the council-house, asking if the *loft had been searched!*

"No hope now, only for *you!*" whispered Moorooine, sadly.

She rose suddenly to her feet, and had taken one step forward, when Scarred Eagle, surmising her intent, pulled her back.

"No; not yit!" he said. "Ye've put y'ur life at stake *once* to git the boy safe, an' you ain't a-goin' ter resk it for me, by throwin' y'urself into their hands. Git down thar ag'in quicker!"

He fairly crowded her into the aperture, between the log-floor and the roof. Then, with steady agility, he darted past her, and established himself in a similar attitude. At that moment three or four Indians entered below, and one of them, assisted by the rest, seized the beam, and drew himself over it. The concealed borderer knew that several moments would elapse before the Indian's gaze would become used to the gloom in the loft. Even then, he might not think it worth while to cross over, and look into the narrow space where they lay concealed.

But the savage did not wait. Urged by the impatient queries of those below, he at once stalked forward and glanced around. He must have seen that no lurkers were upon the floor, but a mere whim prompted him to advance toward the further side. A round, white object caught his eye, and as he bent toward it, something struck him in the forehead and face, causing him to start back with a howl of pain. He whirled rapidly, and grasping the beam, began to descend, pursued by dozens of yellow-jackets, which, not to be partial, pitched into his companions. In less than a minute, not only the loft, but the cabin was vacated, except by Scarred Eagle and the Indian girl. These two, lying quite still, cared

... for the stings they themselves had received. Long after the Indians had left the spot, they remained in the same attitude, not only as a measure of safety, but to allow the disturbed hornets time to settle.

In an hour, Scarred Eagle cautiously rose, and Moorrooine followed his example. They had not for a moment failed to hear sounds outside, coming from those who mourned their dead, or from those who kept coming in from a fruitless search.

"They no come here ag'in," said the Indian girl, hopefully. "How do that?"

"We scouts larn to make use of sarcumstances that other 'uns wouldn't notice," replied Rhodan. "That nest was jest at my head, an' 'twasn't much work ter rile the little chaps. Ay; there comes more!"

The Indians began to come in fast, from the west and south. Three hours passed, and little took place in the village worthy of record. The concealed scout and his companion began to feel weak from their past terrible exertions. Hunger and thirst, too, tormented them. But there was nothing but to wait and watch in suspense. Scarred Eagle began to fear, and with reason, that those in the cave would be unable to assist them. Even if there were no new alarms, the camp would be too vigilant for them to escape that night. Meantime the warriors, whether successful or unsuccessful, would all be in, so that it would be madness for the rangers to attempt his liberation, even if they could know where he was.

They would probably suppose he had effected his escape, and search for him miles away. But he knew Brom would prosecute the search till death.

The sun was considerably past the meridian, when, from their look-out, they saw a number of Indians start up, and advance toward the forest on the south. A moment later, they heard sounds denoting an arrival.

"It's plain all on 'em ain't in yit," whisperd Scarred Eagle. "I don't know what's kep' 'em so long, unless -ay, thar they come!"

A dozen or more came into view. They were greeted with yells of delight by those already in camp, who rushed forward

to meet them. As they advanced into the center of the camp Rhodan noticed they had a prisoner, and soon discovered it was Tim Devine. A pang of sorrow filled the breast of Scarred Eagle. He knew the faithful fellow had been taken, while endeavoring to draw the Indians off. His arms were closely pinioned behind, his hunting-frock was nearly torn off, and his face was covered with blood. What had become of his companion, Dan Hicks?

It was a silent query soon answered. The excited crowd thronged around, filling the air with gratified yells at the prospect of having one live victim for torture. As they swayed to and fro, jeering and buffeting the prisoner, one of them exhibited two bloody scalps of white men. One of these Rhodan recognized as that of poor Hicks; and the other—he feared, with a shudder, that it belonged to Ben Mace!

CHAPTER IX.

A SUDDEN REPRIEVE.

PREPARATIONS were at once made to torture the prisoner. He was led, or pushed, forward directly toward the council-house. A rude post was soon sunk in the ground, and to this he was securely lashed.

Scarred Eagle set his teeth hard, and glanced keenly toward the rocky bluff. He had a good view of it from his perch. He could not believe the rangers were yet gone. They had not had a chance to steal away, even on the supposition that their leader had escaped from the village. They must, therefore, have noticed the arrival of the warriors with their prisoner; if so, he felt assured they would undertake something for the brave Irishman. He saw what they might do; but would they think to undertake it?

As if in answer to his thoughts, he suddenly caught glimpse of two figures gliding along the edge of the woods toward the west. The view was but momentary, but it made his gray eye flash with satisfaction. It was the first sign he had

seen, telling that the rangers were on the alert since morning.

"What do now?" said the Indian girl, speaking close to his ear.

She had been watching those below them with fearful interest.

"Nothing yit, girl. But there may be a chance for us to git 'em the slip soon. We must be ready."

"Too bad—sorry!" she said, glancing through at the howling rabble about Devine. "'Fraid we can no help him. No git away ourselves till dark comes. He be burnt then."

"The warriors don't b'leve but what the rest on us ar' well out o' the region," explained the other. "But two o' the chaps ar' workin' round an' I've no doubt'll interrupt this work at the right minit!"

"What? You see 'em?"

"Not a minit ago. When the alarm comes we must down an' put for the river while the rest ar' off."

"Then, if can, take him?"

"The Irishman—yis. I'll look at him. It's likely we'll have help. Ay, they've begun thar deviltries!"

The fierce maledictions and threats, delivered occasionally in broken English, ceased at this moment. Standing a few feet away, a half-dozen of the more experienced warriors began to test the nerves of the victim by throwing their knives toward him. On either side of his head struck the dangerous missiles, burying themselves in the post. The Irishman never winced. Evidently he had schooled himself for the trial. Of course due care was taken not to strike him fatally, as that would have shortened his coming period of torture by fire.

Full half an hour was thus occupied, when the programme was changed by introducing hatchets. These were thrown with such skill that they were allowed to clip the straggling locks of the victim's hair, without touching his head. But at last, either accidentally or by design, one of the performers in the game threw his weapon cutting off a portion of the victim's ear!

The yells that now arose, proclaimed that a new feature

of the torture had begun. And Scarred Eagle knew that the victim would be pierced or struck about the arms and shoulders, till he was deemed fit for the flames.

"Eh! How pale-dog like it?" inquired one of the crew as he seized Devine's hair.

Up to this moment the latter had not uttered a word or a groan. But now, probably hoping to provoke this tormentor to finish the work at once, he managed to draw back one foot, and suddenly planted it in the fellow's stomach, pitching him backward upon the ground!

"Dthere, ye double-dom'd haithen, do y'ur worst, so!"

Like lightning the worsted Indian sprung to his feet and rushed back with upright weapon. At this instant two rifle-reports rung out, telling with deadly effect among the crowd. And hardly had the echoes of the first ceased, when another rifle spoke from behind the council-house! Three in all, telling as many deaths.

"Now—down quickly!" was the excited command of Scarred Eagle.

Both sprung down and rushed out. By the time this was accomplished the frenzied crowd were rushing like mad devils in the direction of the shots.

"Push for the bluff!" cried Rhodan to the Indian girl; and as he spoke he sprung to the side of Devine. But the latter had already nearly got his arms loose, and one dash with Scarred Eagle's knife completed the work.

"Och! Howly Mother—"

"Away with ye—*run!*"

The Irishman bounded off. As Scarred Eagle started he cast a quick glance back and saw that half a dozen of the Indians, notwithstanding the sudden confusion, had caught a glimpse of what was going on and were rushing back like a tornado. At the same moment a startling shout at his left caused him to turn his head. Two Indians had already reached the spot, having rushed up behind the council-house.

One of these had pounced upon the Indian girl, and his hatchet was already elevated, when the shout, came quickly followed by a blow so powerful that the fellow dropped to rise no more.

"Run, Moorooine—take the one after Tim, Revel—ah-ha, Rhodan, here the devils come!"

It was the voice of Brom Vail. Scarred Eagle had already raised his rifle as the young man spoke; and as the words left his lips, their rifles spoke together. The Indians involuntarily halted before the shock, while Rhodan and Brom turned like lightning and sprung toward the bluff. Revel had just felled the Indian who pursued Devine. The latter was near the bluff, the Indian girl quite near him.

"Push on!" cried Revel; and as he spoke he raised his rifle. Two reports rung out, and instinctively Scarred Eagle and Brom turned.

"Have at the devils an' save Mace—hyar 'e comes!"

And as Scarred Eagle spoke, the three bounded toward the remaining Indians; but the latter wheeled and struck toward the forest, as a stentorian voice behind yelled:

"Spring on for y'ur lives! The hull pack o' hellions ar' turnin' back!"

A few desperate springs brought them to the bluff, where, dodging behind a boulder, they found Devine guarding the passage, the Indian girl having already entered.

Mace was the last to creep in, and he had just time to do so, and close up the passage, when a score of Indians dashed upon the rocks. As he crept on after the rest down the narrow, rugged passage, he kept filling it behind him in such a manner that it would take hours for an enemy from *without* to force it. And yet he could not help thinking it might be their last hiding-place on earth.

Only faint, rumbling echoes came to the ears of the fugitives as they passed to the subterranean chamber. But they had no reason to doubt the doubly enraged Miamis knew where they were concealed, and would watch them to the last extremity.

Of course, midnight darkness reigned in the chamber; but it was provided with pine torches, and one of these was soon lighted. All of them were too much excited to converse for a time. Not five minutes had elapsed since the work of torture was interrupted; and now, behold, all except Goodbrand and Hill were safe from present danger.

The arms of Brom tenderly supported the Indian girl.

The Irishman had sunk down exhausted; and Scarred Eagle, warmly shaking the hands of his deliverers, was rapidly informed of their several adventures, and they then began to consult anxiously.

CHAPTER X.

THE FORLORN HOPE.

THE appearance of Ben Mace in the last scene may be briefly explained.

When he sprung away from the side of Scarred Eagle, it was not yet light. His pursuers were just able to catch the outlines of his figure as it disappeared in the bushes. He did not doubt his ability to escape by a straight run from the village; but he knew such a course would necessitate a long run and prevent his giving any further assistance to his friends.

One of Scarred Eagle's expedients suggested itself, and with the thought he acted. Seizing a stone, he hurled it down the slope of ground, and then dodged close behind a boulder. In the brief space necessary to do this, the pursuers dashed through the bushes, and in a second were past him. He rose quickly, and circling to the right, began to approach the upper extremity of the village.

The nature of the shouts and confusion led him to believe Rhodan was already a prisoner. He rightly conjectured that he might safely venture to the river-bank, and secrete himself, or have opportunity to join the party in the subterranean passage.

Favored by the degree of gloom still prevailing, he succeeded in reaching the opposite side of the camp, listening with wild anxiety to the Babel of cries all around him. He was about to hurry to the side of the river, when he obtained a view of the horde who at that moment brought the bodies of Hulet and Sly Hate from the rear of the hut. He had then no doubt his friend was certainly a prisoner, if not killed, and resolved to at once attempt joining those in the retreat.

He glided down the very path Moorroine had taken an hour before. To his surprise he noticed a tall Indian gliding before him in the same direction. Without pausing to think what the fellow's object could be, he followed him close, till the latter reached the water, where a light canoe was drawn up. Into this the Indian hastily deposited a rifle and several other articles. Having done this, he wheeled about, and Mace was just in time to conceal himself in the shrubbery.

The Indian passed him, springing up the acclivity as if intent on some personal errand requiring great haste. As he disappeared, Mace laid his own rifle in the canoe, which he began to push swiftly toward the subterranean passage. He kept close under the bank, having no fears but that he would be able to accomplish his purpose undiscovered.

Within ten yards of the entrance he heard the reports of the rifles and the yells and rush that followed. And the next moment he swept into the passage and gained the rocky recess, where, to his deep surprise, he found not only the three rangers, who had just fled from above, but Brom Vail.

The three rangers had witnessed the commotion, and poured in the volley in hopes of diverting pursuit of the men whom they hoped had got a start from camp. The explanation of Mace, while it shed a little light upon the situation, left the fate of Scarred Eagle and Moorroine involved in uncertainty. They little knew that at that very moment the latter were snugly secreted in the very heart of the village.

A number of hours passed before they found opportunity to take a look over the camp—hours full of the deepest anxiety and suspense. Brom Vail at last managed to peer out, and saw that the Indians had withdrawn from the spot. Their hiding-place was yet unknown, but the Indians were gathered in knots in the midst of the camp. What had become of Rhodan and the Indian girl?

There was not yet a chance to leave the retreat without being discovered, and chafing with impatience, they consulted and watched during the long hours. At last, near nightfall, the coveted chance of stealing out was opened by the arrival of the posse bringing Devine a prisoner.

The plan of Brom was acted upon the moment the savage orgies commenced. Three were to steal around to the west

and pour in a volley into the savage crew, volunteering to undertake the perilous task, and risk escape. Brom Vail, with Revel, took it upon himself to steal along the bank of the river, and attempt two things: the release of the Irishman, and to learn, if possible, something concerning Rhodan and the Indian girl. The young man was filled with sad forebodings in regard to these. His great joy, then, at the last *dénouement* may be imagined.

But their situation was yet extremely perilous, and all realized it. Of course an attempt to leave through the passage they had just entered was not to be thought of. And the water-passage — would not the terribly-aroused Indians guard its entrance, believing it communicated with their retreat?

"There's little doubt of it," said Brom, as they consulted. "They must 'a' seen me in the scrimmage just now, an' known me. That 'ud be enough, 'cos they know how I escaped afore."

"Mebbe they *didn't* know ye," said Mace. "They hedn't a chance ter look close, as to that. Besides, you forgit that y'ur rig's different frum what 'twas. Thet canoe I brought in helped ye to a change o' garments as well's to a rifle."

At this moment dull sounds came faintly to their ears from above.

"The devils ar' workin'!" remarked Scarred Eagle. "Take hold o' here, Mace!"

The latter assisted him to push one of the canoes into the water. Scarred Eagle stepped in. Mace was about to follow.

"No, Ben," said the other. "Wait here with the rest. One's enough to reconnoiter now."

He pushed off in the darkness, the others anxiously awaiting the result. Meantime they ever and anon put their ears close to the upward passage. The Miamis above were still at work endeavoring to force an entrance.

Ten minutes passed and Scarred Eagle came back with the canoe. The news he brought was any thing but encouraging. He had advanced far enough to see that a number of the enemy stood upon the high bank of the river, with their gaze fixed upon the subterranean entrance.

"They sartin suspect that it leads to our retreat," he said. "But one thing ag'in' 'em is 't they ain't got any canoes. Thet is, none that I could diskiver."

"Some above!" said Moorroine. "Up near fort. Mebbe git them."

"It may be they will, gal," said Rhodan. "We'll know in the course of an hour. It'll be dark by that time."

The veteran scout sat down upon the hard bottom of the cave and became silent. There seemed no further chance for that species of strategy of which he was so perfect a master. A few hours would decide their fate, and all knew it.

A small keg of spirits and a quantity of jerked venison had been found in the canoe which Mace had brought in. All partook sparingly, and then, seeing that their weapons were in the best possible order, huddled together awaiting events.

At last the sounds made by the enemy above them ceased. They had evidently become satisfied that they were expending their strength for nothing. What would they next do?

"Ain't it dark outside by this time?" inquired Brom at last.

"No, not yet," replied Scarred Eagle. "It's no use o' pokin' out that way till we're sure 'tis."

At this moment they heard the echoes of shouts above the dull roar of the waters. They at once knew the sounds must have come from near the east side of the camp, else they could not have reached their ears.

The rangers huddled close to the edge of the landing, and bent forward.

"The hellions ar' makin' ready to come at us here," said Mace, grimly.

"Not yit," remarked Scarred Eagle, who had stepped into the canoe in order to hear better. "I'd sooner think one or both of the others ar' taken."

"I kain't b'l'ieve but what they got off. I see 'em run the minit they fired. Thar couldn't 'a' b'en many thet follered 'em. The row we made brought most on 'em back. 'Twould be jest like the chaps to turn back ag'in the minit thar come a chance, though."

"The Lord help 'em ef they be took, now," said Scarred Eagle. "No kind of a chance 's left us to help 'em, when thar's so small a prospect o' helpin' ourselves. Step in here, Ben, an' we'll steal out a piece towards the entrance."

As the latter obeyed, Rhodan turned toward Brom.

"Tother canoe 'll hold the rest on ye, boy. Ef ye hear a stone splash in the water hereaway, push out at once."

In a moment longer he had turned the angle and disappeared.

Those behind now stationed themselves where they could hear the least unusual sound. None of them attempted to converse. Their suspense was too deep.

Half an hour thus passed, or rather dragged; for to those waiting, it seemed hours. What could keep Scarred Eagle and Mace? Directing Revel to steady the remaining canoe, Brom stepped to its further end, and managed to obtain a view outward. He saw an outline of the other canoe drawing silently toward him through the gloom, and far beyond he plainly distinguished one or two moving bodies, revealed by the degree of light prevailing outside.

As he stepped back, Scarred Eagle and Mace glided to the chamber and landed. Their report was not a cheering one. As Brom had suspected, the Indians in their canoes were watching the mouth of the passage.

"We must git to work quick!" said Scarred Eagle. "Them out yonder ain't sure we're in here, though they suspect it. Mebbe we kin cheat 'em ag'in."

"Work is it?" exclaimed the Irishman. "I'm ready dthin—pwat'll be doon?"

"It shall be your part to keep watch with Moorooine an' see if them in the canoes undertake to come in. The rest on us 'll work at the passage in the rocks. Mace thinks thar's a prospect of workin' our way up so 's to fire occasionally on them watchin' above us. If we kin, it may draw 'em away from the mouth of the passage an' gi'n us a chance to steal out in the canoes."

Mace had already begun to remove some of the obstructions placed in the rocky passage. The rest fell to work with a will, leaving Devine and the Indian girl to watch the passage outward.

As previously mentioned, the way up through the rocks was devious and rough, and nearly thirty feet in extent. Half way up was a kind of niche where three men might stand abreast. The rangers hoped to be able to fire upon the savages from this point. Could they do so, the Indians might possibly

believe the rocky passage extended no further, and with draw those who were stationed at the mouth of the water passage.

They worked with the energy of men who realized that life is the stake. There was little danger of their being heard, as it was much easier to remove obstructions from the inside than from without.

In a few minutes they reached the desired point. Pausing they heard sounds, proclaiming the Indians had again resumed work.

"They're gittin' on faster now," said Mace. "I judge they've got that big stone moved, but it's cost 'em more 'n a good hours' work. Ha—look out!"

As he spoke, a rumbling, heavy jar was felt, as a huge rock fell forward, lodging a few feet above them! Mace chuckled grimly.

"Thar! Ye see it got the better of the scamps. Thet ar was fixed for jest sich an occasion as this, but was never used afore. Now, it's in sich shape that we couldn't git out o here ourselves in less 'n half a day ef thar wa'n't no one round to interfere."

"It's bad!" remarked Scarred Eagle. "We won't have a chance to let 'em know we're here except by shouting, an they'd see through that. If we could git in a shot or two now, they'd b'leve we war in the last extremity."

As he spoke, "thump, thump," came sounds from above. Pressing up as far as possible, between the wall and obstructions before them, he obtained a view of several dark figures relieved against a starlit sky in the distance.

"That boulder broke a section of the ledge as it fell, an' 'e devils ar' makin' thar way round it," he whispered. "It's jest the thing after all—reach my rifle here, Revel!"

Mace had made the discovery as soon as Rhodan. Revel handed them their weapons, and stepped back.

"Push y'ur weepoon up as far as ye kin," cautioned Scarred Eagle. "The report 'll be less likely to echo back below us."

But they withheld their fire. The Indians had suddenly ceased their work again, and not a glimpse of them could be seen. Minute after minute passed of unbroken silence.

"I had hoped they'd keep on!" said Scarred Eagle. "But their crazy rage is coolin'. That's what's made 'em work, when they mout 'a' wanted an' n'en jest 's sure. Ah-ha-- what's ter pay now?"

CHAPTER XI.

NOOKECHIN

THE Irishman had scrambled up, and stood beside them.

"For dthe luv of God coom below, quick!" he exclaimed. "Dthe rats are movin' in wud the boats!"

"You an' Revel keep here, Mace. You'll know if wanted!"

And as Scarred Eagle thus spoke, he hurried down after the Irishman. He found the Indian girl standing as far out as possible, gazing up the water-passage. Coming on slowly, were two canoes, each containing three or four Indians. They could be plainly distinguished, for a torch was fixed in the prow of the one ahead. It only cast light a few yards ahead and around them, so that the watchers had no fears of being discovered, till the canoe should approach nearer.

"They want to come, but 'fraid to," whispered Moorooine.

"It shows they've doubts 'bout thar bein' a-hidin'-place in here. *That's* in our favor, anyhow. Ef we could only make 'em b'l'ieve thar w'an't any, we'd soon git clear."

The canoes came on very cautiously. Suddenly, the Indians, feeling the increased current, began to dip their paddles to prevent moving too fast. The one nearest the torch seized it, and waved it from side to side, examining the walls. But, save at the secret chamber, there was not the least cavity in the rocks.

They held their canoes nearly motionless, and peered into the unknown darkness. Evidently they did not like the idea of venturing further. They were not rid of the superstition about the place, and the gloomy depths, beyond, from which came a sullen roar, made them nervous.

Suddenly a prolonged, dull echo came to the ears of Scarred

Eagle and **Moorrooine**. They knew it was caused by rifle-reports up in the passage. Those in the canoes heard the echoes; but to them it was of frightful significance. Mingled with the sullen roar in the depths, it doubtless seemed to their startled imaginations, that the evil spirit of the cave was about to take vengeance on them for their temerity. At any rate, they pulled back with the utmost dispatch.

Leaving **Moorrooine** to watch, **Scarred Eagle** sprung back and hastened up the passage. As he gained the spot, he heard yells outside plainly.

"We've hit one o' the curs—what's goin' on below?" cried **Mace**. "Is thar a chance—"

"Yes; come on for y'ur lives!" interrupted **Scarred Eagle**. They hurried back into the chamber.

"Ar' they in sight, **Moorrooine**?" called **Rhodan**.

"No; all gone!" said the girl, joyfully.

"Then out with these 'ere, quick!"

Both canoes were at once launched. In the foremost and largest, four of the rangers took their places. **Brom** and **Moorrooine** followed in the other.

As they moved forward, they heard the sounds of excitement, which told that the savages were rushing to the spot, where, as they doubtless supposed, their enemies were attempting a desperate resistance.

"Steady!" cautioned **Scarred Eagle**, as they neared the mouth of the rocky channel. "We must feel our way for a minit or two. T'other canoes may not be out o' the way."

Two minutes later they stopped, and peered ahead. Not a sign of a canoe could they see; yet those that had ventured into the passage could not yet have had time to land. To do so, they would be obliged to move a distance up where the bank was more sloping. There was no danger that these might be lying to the right or left of the entrance, behind the juts of cliff.

The rangers consulted a moment. They were far enough to see the reflection of starlight on the water further out. Had it been darker, they would not have hesitated to risk an attempt to start out. They concluded to move close up beside the right wall, and then steal up and endeavor to obtain a view of the opposite side of the entrance.

The canoes came nearly up to the wall, when Devine, glancing back, saw something floating toward them.

"Luk!" he said, in a wild whisper.

The object was where the starlight shone upon it. As the rest turned it disappeared from sight. At the same moment, shouts came from the right of the entrance, and a canoe was heard rounding the adjacent angle.

"Back!" whispered Scarred Eagle, in a tone of startling earnestness.

Quickly as the order was obeyed, the canoes had hardly turned, when the foremost was struck by another containing half a dozen Miami warriors.

Instantly a burst of wild yells rung out, and were echoed back from the adjacent banks; and, at the same instant, "crash! crash!" rung the blows of hatchets. There was no time to level a rifle; no time to push back into the cavern without a struggle.

Six against four! Unfortunately, Revel, at the first onset, received a blow which laid him powerless in the canoe. His fall, while it made the odds more fearful, caused the canoe to surge back, and at that moment Brom, pushing his rifle forward, fired, killing one of the assailants, who fell back into the water. The incident gave the other three time to snatch up their rifles; but by this time another canoe was approaching rapidly.

The rangers were not permitted to level their rifles, for the assailants, knowing that aid was at hand, recovered in time to beat down the weapons, springing in with their hatchets to the attack.

"That's it—quick boy—git us apart!"

The hoarse exclamation of Scarred Eagle, as with his two companions, he made almost superhuman efforts to beat back the assailants. The endeavors of Brom were somewhat aided by Revel, who began to recover from the effects of the blow. Even then, it seemed impossible to get clear of the assailants before the latter should receive aid. But suddenly their canoe was tipped backward by an unseen hand, and the warriors, losing their balance, tumbled into the water. One of them was dispatched by Mace. At that moment, a form appeared beside Brom's canoe, and a voice shouted:

"Me—White Fox—take in quick—Goodbrand!"

Mooroine identified the speaker in time to stay the arm of Brom, raised to strike a supposed enemy.

As Goodbrand sprung in, the voice of Scarred Eagle was heard above the din:

"Hyar they come; give them a volley or we're lost!"

Another canoe was sweeping up, the occupants paying no attention to their companions in the water. Not two rifle-lengths separated them as Scarred Eagle spoke. Almost immediately the four rangers fired, doing fearful execution; then, taking advantage of the confusion, they swept back toward the subterranean chamber.

But the Indians, now reinforced by another party in canoes, soon followed. The rangers had barely effected a landing when they found two or three canoes within twenty yards of the retreat. One of them carried a torch.

"The devils know our weepens ar' empty, an' don't mean to give us time. Load quick, and if they come too soon, club y'ur rifles!"

As the veteran scout issued this command he himself began to reload, the rest following suit.

"Quick! here come!" suddenly exclaimed Mooroine.

As she spoke she darted back, and a canoe rounded the turn, the torch in its prow revealing the cave and inmates distinctly.

"Hyar they be—beat back the devils!" shouted Scarred Eagle and Mace together.

As quick as thought their clubbed rifles came down upon the occupants of the foremost canoe, some of whom in their wild rage had attempted to leap into the chamber. Yells, cries and groans rung out through the dark depths, presenting a scene of the wildest confusion. The Indians pressing in the rear let fly another volley of arrows, but most of them passed over the heads of the assailed, who had temporarily beaten back those in the foremost canoe. At this instant a heavy object fell with a crash in one of the canoes, striking down some of its occupants, and tipping it over.

"Thet's it—the rocks," shouted Mace.

"Ay, dthim's dthe boys. Musha, take dthat, ye haithens. Och, we'll bate dthem wud sthones, so!"

In less time than it takes to describe it, the Irishman had inaugurated this species of warfare. There were plenty of loose rocks in the chamber, and the rangers hurled these so rapidly among the crowd of assailants that the latter were glad to withdraw out of range as quick as possible. The moment they did so the rangers began again to reload, a torch left in a remote corner of the room affording sufficient light. They could hear their assailants still moving away in the darkness.

The rangers now had time to glance at each other, and question Goodbrand, whose timely aid ten minutes previous had probably saved them all from capture or death. His statement was brief. His companion, Joe Hill, had escaped, while he himself had been struck down with a hatchet as he ran. Being brought forward and recognized, they were about to sacrifice him on the spot, so great was their rage; but at that moment came the shots fired by Revel and Mace upon those endeavoring to force the passage. In the increased rush to this spot only three or four were left around Goodbrand. While the attention of these was for a moment diverted, the thongs with which Goodbrand was bound were cut, and he recognized the whisper of Noocheekin in his ear:

"Me pay back you now for savin' my life on the lake. If catch ag'in you die. Debt paid now. Go."

He darted away, and was pursued, Noocheekin himself joining in the chase. The latter stumbled over a log, retarding the rest, till Goodbrand disappeared behind a lodge. Thence he crept under a jut of the bank, where he lay, till fearing discovery, he dropped under the water, intending to swim into the chamber. As we have seen, he was in time to aid his friends.

"Then the canoe side o' the entrance must 'a' be'n watchin' for ye?" said Scarred Eagle.

"No—watchin' for *you*," was the answer. "It come round the jut as me started to swim. They mistrusted some trick, an' meant if *was* in here you shouldn't git 'way."

"It must be—yes, Goodbrand; you're right. The devils hev be'n beat too bad to neglect watchin' any p'int which may look 's 'ough we mout take advantage of it. We're in our last corner, chaps, an' thar's no need o' denyin' it; but

we'll rest awhile, ef the scamps 'll let up, an' prepare to meet 'em when they come. 'Twon't be soon, uther, 'cos they kain't but see they've got us."

"Yes; but the hellions 'll r'member these last two days," said Mace, grimly. "No danger of their comin' at us ag'in right away. They'll wait till we're as weak as babies from hunger, an' then try ter git the hull *posse* on us *alive*!" "We mout 's well keep it up, an' git our deaths by fightin'."

"It's better'n to be kilt alive at dthe sthake!" assented De vine, with a shudder.

"Time enough to begin another scrimmage; thar's no danger but that the entrance 'll be guarded close enough now," answered Scarred Eagle. "But we'd best recruit as best we kin, so's to hev our strength collected for the last trial. Thar's jest a chance some on us may git off, though it's a small one. D'ye see a light ahead, boy?"

The question was addressed to Brom, who stood beside Moorroine in the end of the canoe, peering back through the passage.

"No!" was the response; "but thar's several canoes hovering outside the entrance, in the starlight. They ain't a-goin' to come back here right away."

"Of course not. What is it, Revel?"

The latter had crept up into the other passage, and now returned.

"The scamps are *filling up* the passage," he said.

"Ay—'cos it'll be easier to watch the other way. They needn't 'a' took the pains."

He saw that Revel, after waiting a moment, made a silent gesture for him to come forward. He followed him up into the passage as far as it had been cleared from the inside. Revel carried a new torch, and by its light revealed a crevice which he had discovered. Then, putting the torch behind them, they could distinguish, at about ten feet distant, the starlight from outside.

"I thought of this just now," said Revel, "and came up to look again. I discovered it at the time you came after us to escape in the canoes. Now that that chance is gone, here's another. What do you think of it?"

"One man workin' outside, where thar's room, mout, in two

hours, make the place big enough for us to creep out," said Rhodan. "To git outside—thet's the hull question. One on us mout try it."

"What is?"

Turning they saw Mace and Goodbrand, who had crept up. The matter was at once explained.

"If one could git out, what chances 'ud thar be to work 'bout bein' seen or heard? Thet's the second question," said Mace.

"The side we're lookin' through is opposite the spot whar the reds 'll be likely to keep any sort of watch. Besides, they've jist filled up the hole above us, so, if one on us *could* git outside unseen, thar'd be a chance. An' it seems as 'ough one might. Let us get down an' consider the chances."

They returned into the chamber, meeting the others, to whom was communicated what had been discovered. Instantly they began to devise some expedient by which one might leave the subterranean region, and what one of them should undertake the desperate feat.

Goodbrand insisted on having the task. His color, and readiness with the Indian tongue, caused his request to be unanimously granted. But now, how was he to steal out without it being known by the waiting enemy?

"Thar's no airthly way but to move up an' engage the reds in a skirmish," said Scarred Eagle. "We must do it in such a way that Goodbrand can slip noiselessly into the water an' swim for it. He'll hev tu turn to the right of the entrance an' endivor to git a chance to draw himself up on the rocks. Ef he kin manage that far, the rest'll be easier."

"Thar's another thing," said Brom. "What can he carry to work with?"

There was a short silence. They had nothing with which Goodbrand could work among the seamy rocks except knives and hatchets.

CHAPTER XII.

AGAIN !

THEY did not pause long. True, the chance of Goodbrand's doing any thing was small even should he succeed in reaching the spot. But it was better than no chance at all, and something else might occur to him by which to assist his friends.

The canoes were again made ready, and the party, with their weapons in good order, entered. They could quite plainly see the canoes of the Indians outside, while they knew it was impossible for themselves to be seen until they should approach quite near the entrance.

Slowly they stole forward, making no noise that could be heard outside, above the monotonous roar of the channel.

As they advanced they could see the Indians more plainly. There were three canoes of them, and a constant stream of inquiries and answers was kept up with those on shore.

They evidently feared the rangers were preparing to make some desperate attempt to dash out. They had had abundant evidence of their power of resource in danger, and meant to leave no way open.

The rangers understood this, and felt it was all the more favorable for the success of their plan.

The foremost canoe, directed by Scarred Eagle, at last came to a stop. Twenty yards further would reveal them to those outside.

For a moment the rangers consulted in low tones on the chances of actually making a dash past their enemies. The three canoes of the Indians were somewhat to the left of the entrance. But if they should get past these there were enough Indians standing along the banks to riddle them before they could get any thing of a start. So they gave it up, and Goodbrand prepared for his desperate work.

The canoes of the rangers now rested in the middle of the channel. Goodbrand, shaking hands with his companions, let himself silently into the water and in a few seconds

swam to the right wall, and as far up as it was safe to do. Glancing *toward* the light, his friends could make out the outlines of his form as he sought for a place to rest until the proper moment should arrive.

In a few moments they saw that he remained motionless, and waited for his signal. This was to have been a waving of his arm thrice. But the moments sped on and no signal came.

Scarred Eagle was about to push up nearer, when he observed Goodbrand relinquish his hold, and in a moment the latter had noiselessly swum back.

"What's the trouble, Goodbrand?"

"No trouble," he said. "Something good. Follow me close up. Some chance all get way—cheat all the warriors *now*. If mistook, then we can try other way jes' same." And without waiting for reply, Goodbrand let go the side of the canoe and swam back, as silently as before.

Word was passed to Brom, who was in the rear with Moorooine and the Irishman. Then the canoes were turned, and pushed close up beside the friendly Miami.

As yet the shouts and inquiries of the enemy were kept up from shore and stream. Their canoes remained in nearly the same position, and a continuous watch was maintained over the entire surface of water adjacent to the dark entrance.

"Here!" whispered Goodbrand as they came up. "Give me ramrod—quick!"

Taking one from the hands of Mace, he pushed it up in a slanting direction through a fissure in the rocks. The gaze of the rest following his movement, met a beam of pale light coming through the hole made in the loose earth above. By it they were enabled to see that the fissure was large enough for them to crawl through, and that the covering of earth above could be easily removed.

For a moment after making this discovery they remained inactive. The chance of escaping so unexpectedly presented, thrilled them one and all. And yet a single mishap might rob them of it forever and fatally.

Scarred Eagle was the first to speak, which he did in a low whisper, as if fearful it might be heard above the noise of the subterranean passage.

"We must arrange carefully. Can you creep in thar by standin on my shoulder, Goodbrand?"

"Yis, easy; quick. Easy to move the earth above. Den we can keep below slope of bluff, an' not be seen."

"Understand then. You go first. If them out yonder come this way for any cause, all that ar' left here at the time 'll scull back after firin' into the enemy. After that, failin' to hear any one outside the passage from the chamber, it shell be taken as a signal that this way is yit secret, and that help is waitin' hyar. Now—stiddy the canoe, men, while Goodbrand mounts ahead."

The latter, stepping upon the shoulder of Rhodan, easily got within the fissure, and began to clamber up. It was necessary to go scarcely his length, however, when he encountered the covering of earth.

"Be keerful!" admonished Scarred Eagle. "Don't let any of the earth fall back, nor a stone."

The most intense and painful anxiety now prevailed. So near to escape on one hand, and to capture and death on the other.

Goodbrand worked forward cautiously. Gradually he removed the slight barrier of earth, and they saw him push his head through, and knew he was taking a rapid survey of the bluff. In a moment he settled back, and turning his head, whispered:

"All clear—come on!"

Having warned them, he moved again, and in a moment had passed entirely out, throwing himself flat upon the ground outside.

With beating hearts the rest prepared to follow. Moorooine was assisted up, and began to crawl forward. Revel was the next in order, Scarred Eagle refusing to go till the last. But before Revel had a chance to ascend, a movement was heard outside in the starlight, and looking out they saw a canoe of the Indians in motion.

"Git y'ur rifles ready!" muttered Scarred Eagle, in a low tone. "It's impossible to tell what they're goin' to do, but—"

"Hold stiddy for y'ur lives—Moorooine?"

It was the voice of Brom, sufficiently loud to reach the *gives* ears without being heard by the enemy.

"What?" she answered.

"Lie still where you be—don't move a hand's breadth or the reds may notice the light which your body now hides!"

He spoke as rapidly as possible, then turned to watch the canoe. This was moving as though again to enter the depths of the passage.

"Hisk!" muttered Scarred Eagle, bending forward.

"Tell ye it's time ter take the oars!" remonstrated Mace, excitedly. "We mustn't be diskivered in this spot! Ef we be, our chance is gone here, sartin!"

"As long as they've no torch we're safe from that, yit," remarked Rhodan. "They've got to pass ahind us before they can see us. Ah—now—silence for y'ur lives!"

The occupants of the approaching canoe, five in number, swept their bark suddenly aside not ten yards above the rangers, and began to glide toward them. Rhodan at once divined their object. It was not to again penetrate to the rocky chamber, but to gain a position where they could see if a light was visible therefrom.

It was too late for the rangers to move back without being heard. Nor did Scarred Eagle wish to. He had hopes that he could remain undiscovered, and that the explorers would soon turn back. If not, he was confident of being able to worst the fellows, and make good his retreat before others could interfere.

With their own canoes pressed close to the wall, and ready to use paddle or rifle as occasion might warrant, the borderers awaited developments with bated breath. Nearer came the canoe of the warriors, and lower crouched the whites. Suddenly the canoe stopped. It was so near that the rangers, looking toward the light, could make out the forms of its occupants peering forward into the darkness. For several moments they remained thus; then, dropping back upon foot and knee they swept back, and rejoined the others.

The rangers lost no time in making their exit from the place. One by one they ascended till only Scarred Eagle was left. Seizing the hand of Mace, he was assisted up, and in five minutes after the Indians had withdrawn, all of the whites were gliding away toward the opposite side of the bluff.

It was now considerably past midnight, and heavy clouds

began to drift across the sky, rendering the starlight dim indeed. The little party soon halted at the edge of the water on the other side. They could plainly hear the excited jabber of Indian tongues behind them, and knew that no time was to be lost.

But how to escape from the bluff was the question now. To their right, after ascending the bluff, lay the deep forest. An attempt to escape that way would expose them to great danger, as it was quite certain some of the Miamis would be hovering near the place. Not a canoe was to be had, and not a log could be found on which to float to the forest further south.

After a short consultation Scarred Eagle and Mace left the rest, and ascended the bluff to reconnoiter. Goodrand and Revel, moving apart, kept as sharp watch as possible around the left curve of the bluff toward the subterranean passage.

"Dthere must be a way for us now dthat we have got so fur out of it," said Tim at length. "Och musha, me head!"

"I b'leve thar will, Tim," replied Brom, who was supporting Moorrooine, into whose willing ears he had been whispering. "You've had a hard one over gittin' me clear. If I k'n ever pay ye back—"

"Luk, now!" interrupted the Irishman. "Sthop, ef yees don't want to rise me. Is it of pay y'ur goin' to talk, an' to Tim Devine? Yees know betthur. Wouldn't yees do as much for me, an' more? We done dthe besht we c'u'd, though. Poor Dan Hicks! Och, musha! B'ated down, an' him skulped before me very eyes!"

The poor fellow's voice trembled with emotion.

"It's b'en an onusual adventur'," remarked Brom. "Of course we all meant to stick to each other. Thar's three lost, not to speak of Hill. I hope 'e made good 'is escape. He couldn't 'a' done nothin' for us. Thar wouldn't 'a' b'en one on us alive ef 't hadn't b'en for—"

"—Dthe wan beside yees—why don't ye spake it?" said the Irishman, as Brom paused. "Yes, God bless 'er. She's a haro to dthe core, and wan I'd shed me besht blood for—thru'e's me father was a docthur w'u'd I. I'what, they're coomin' back, an' now I'm in hopes dthur's a way to l'ave dthis divule's ragion."

Not for a moment had Brom and his companions ceased to keep a sharp watch about them, and their brief conversation had been carried on in whispers. As Tim spoke, Revel and Goodbrand came up.

"The reds mistrust something, for they've started into the cave with torches," said Revel. "Less move forward."

"Thin we'll hear from dthim soon, I'm thinkin'."

"They'll see the canoes we left, an' that'll tell the story."

"It will, onless, as may happen, the canoes drifted down beyond the chamber," said Brom. "In that case they'll leave us a little more time."

They were creeping cautiously up in the direction taken by the elder scouts. These had now been gone nearly half an hour. Suddenly Goodbrand, who was some paces ahead, put back his hand and sunk to the earth, the rest speedily following his example.

What had he discovered? In a few moments the question was answered. Three dark forms began to loom into view, stealing down the slope of the bluff. The rangers did not attempt even to exchange a hurried whisper. There was no need, for each of them comprehended the situation, and held the same theory. In some way Scarred Eagle and Mace had aroused the suspicion of these warriors, but evaded them. The latter, to satisfy their curiosity, were searching over the ground where they suspected an enemy had lurked.

The concealed party well knew why these warriors made no outcry. They could have no suspicion, as yet, that any of the whites who had been driven into the subterranean passage, had escaped. But the latter might have companions watching for a chance to render them aid.

Nearer they came, glancing sharply around, and stepping so lightly that they seemed like moving phantoms instead of living forms. Brom and his companions lay as silently as death, hoping to escape detection by these prowlers. All knew that an outcry or struggle could hardly fail of being heard beyond the bluff, and would at once bring others to the spot. But they held themselves ready for a quick struggle, if it should prove necessary.

The three Indians were several paces apart, and paused every moment in their course, listening keenly. In this

manner they passed the little party, who lay so close to the ground that only the closest inspection could reveal them.

Brom, who lay furthest to the right, began to move aside, and the others followed his example. In a moment or two, all were crouched beneath the shelter of a scraggy spruce, under which the Indian spies had already searched. The outlines of the latter could now barely be seen passing around the curve of the bluff; but they did not pass out of sight. As if satisfied that their ears or sight had deceived them, they turned back after a short pause, directly toward the whites.

But the latter had already moved on, nearly in single file, keeping the spruce between them and the warriors. Suddenly a whisper, which they recognized as Rhodan's, warned them aside. They were in time to dodge behind a protuberance of the bluff as the Indian spies loomed into view between them and the spruce.

"Don't show a limb!" whispered Scarred Eagle. "Ef I move, all on ye foller, an' be sure to use no weepsons unless they see us first. These 'ere mustn't be allowed to make an outcry."

A few seconds after the delivery of this order, the spies came on boldly. They were passing a yard or two below the party, when they suddenly halted and gazed out over the water. Looking *downward*, they could distinguish nothing; but they had heard some sound, as of a body moving through the water. They at once glided down close to the edge of the shore.

Scarred Eagle had also heard the slight sound, and well knew it was Mace swimming forward and pushing a log before him. The sound had ceased now, and he felt sure the latter was aware of the presence of the three warriors. Had they discovered him?

They squatted down close to the water and remained motionless. Minute after minute passed, and still they moved not. The hearts of the rangers began to beat wildly. At any moment their absence from the cave might be discovered, when the entire bluff would be surrounded and searched closely. And in a little more than an hour it would be *light!*

"We kain't wait longer, nor we kain't avoid a tussle with

these chaps below us," whispered Rhodan to Brom. "It's Mace out thar, with a log brought from across the angle of water. The hull of us must steal onto them chaps. Pass word to the rest, an' remember we must take 'em without raisin' an alarm, or lose the lives we've brought so fur out o' the jaws o' death!"

From one to another was the order passed. Then as silently as a shadow, the veteran scout rose with Brom and Revel at his left. Foot by foot they crept toward the spies, whose attention to the water seemed completely absorbed. A sudden dash from behind, and they found themselves thrown to the earth, while hands of iron clasped their throats. At this moment a movement, heard a few yards out, told that Mace comprehended the scene, and was pushing in with the log.

The captured spies were stout fellows, and expecting death, made every endeavor to struggle or cry out. But those who came behind threw themselves across their bodies, while Moorroine, with the remnants of a blanket, assisted to gag them. While this was going on, Mace reached the shore with the section of a tree-trunk.

"What! End the devils an' done with it," he said, savagely, drawing a knife as he spoke over one of the captives.

"Hold!" said Scarred Eagle, catching his arm. "Put that spirit out of ye, Ben; enough blood has b'en spilt, an' this is unnecessary. An' remember *these!*" he added, nodding toward Goodbrand and Moorroine."

The other understood him, and hurriedly began to secure their rifles and ammunition on the heavy log, Goodbrand and Tim assisting. The spies were securely bound, and placed so that they would not easily be discovered in the gloom. At this moment several dark figures were discovered on the slope above moving down toward them!"

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE TOILS.

"CLING to the log, an' push off!" whispered Scarred Eagle.
"We must be quick or all his lost!"

The party darted as silently as possible to their places, Rhodan and Ben Mace at either end of the log. In a moment longer they were drifting outward, swimming as fast as they were able. Moorroine and Devine kept their glance behind, being hurriedly directed to give notice when the Indians should come down to the water.

"Now—they most there," said the girl, in a whisper.

All ceased their exertions, for it was impossible to proceed without disturbing the water sufficient to attract attention. The most lively apprehensions now filled their minds. Would the new-comers at once discover their bound comrades? They were coming on in a line that would bring them within half a dozen yards of the latter. But suddenly pausing, they separated, two going to the right and two toward the left.

"S'archin' for them that we took!" said Rhodan. "They think t'others ar' too long away. We kin begin to move ag'in."

The log was again pushed forward slowly, in order not to attract the notice of the new-comers. As these moved further away, the whites renewed their speed, pushing out with all their strength. But a sudden loud splashing came to their ears, and glancing back, they were able to discover that one of the bound warriors had, by desperate exertions, got his feet sufficiently loose to work around and strike them in the water. The noise attracted the attention of the others, who were already rushing back.

The men now put forth an almost superhuman strength, in their efforts to push the log forward. They had no doubts their whereabouts would soon be known, and a wide-spread alarm given. Full sixty yards were yet between them and the opposite shore. All would depend on their reaching it in

time. They could hear a rush of feet around the east side of the bluff; but as yet, no sounds of alarm came. What could this mean? Were not the bound spies yet found?

Once, as Moorooine glanced behind, she fancied she saw a canoe rounding the bluff. She hastily communicated her suspicions to the rest, inciting them, if possible, to greater exertions.

Straining every muscle in the work, the little party soon landed on the shore. Hastily securing their arms, they entered the dark woods. Without expressing it, all wondered that so little commotion had been heard from the bluff. Could it be possible that the Indians were not yet aware that their prey had escaped? Before moving forward they glanced back. To their dismay, they saw three or four canoes darting toward them, spreading apart as they came on, and occasionally displaying torches, which gave a clear view over the adjacent waters.

Nearly all of the little party comprehended the situation at the same moment, and it caused a terrible reaction of disappointment. Not only was their escape known, but it had probably been discovered before, or about the time they had left the shore of the bluff. As far as possible, the Indians had restrained all notes of alarm, and gone to work silently, that their escaping victims might not know of the pursuit.

No sooner had the lights been displayed, than the long-suppressed shouts broke forth from river and forest. Nothing more was needed to confirm the fact that the doomed whites were surrounded. The Indians on the river had detected the floating log, and knew their victims were within the circle. It was evident, the entire force of the village was abroad, determined this time to prevent the possibility of their escape.

"Thar's only one thing," said Scarred Eagle, hurriedly, and yet coolly. "The circle 'round us is a big one, an' they won't be in a hurry 'bout closin' it up, when daylight 'll so soon show things plain. We must separate. Some on us may git off, but I needn't say it's onsartin. Ah, well, whatever's the will o' Providence we must give in tew. Come, boy, an' you tew, girl! We three 'll keep together, be our fates good or bad; 'cos I know it's y'ur wish as it is mine. The rest kin go separate ways, an' each trust to his own gifts an' a Higher Power!"

The trio moved silently away in the gloom, Brom tightly clasping the hand of the Indian girl. He soon became convinced the others kept together, and were following on a parallel course to their own, and a few yards to their left. All commotion had now ceased, and the silence was most thrilling. They had absolutely to feel their way, and knew not when a lurking foe might spring upon them. Each one carried a hatchet in one hand, and the deadly knife in the other. As they advanced down the line of shore, an occasional ray of light was reflected from the torches on the river. But at last these were no longer to be seen. No doubt those in the canoes were posted at intervals a short distance from the banks, listening for the movements of the fugitives.

Suddenly Rhodan paused, and turned to Brom and the girl.

"'Twon't last much longer, boy," he said. "Ef we don't meet some o' the reds soon, daylight 'll be upon us afore long at best. For myself it's no gr'et matter, 'cos, beyond the nat'rul desire to live, I've no gr'et object to live *for*, 'cept the good o' you an' my brave girl here."

As he spoke, they noticed he had laid down his trusty rifle, retaining only his other weapons.

"An' now," he added, "I'm off toward the right, hyar. The minnit ye hear a shout an' a rush, you two put nor'-west. Mind to bear a trifle toward the village at first, an' then keep on to y'ur left, 'cordin' as ye judge the way is clear. Ye *may* git off!"

He grasped a hand of each, and then attempted to turn, but they clung to his hard hands.

"No, Rhodan!" said Brom, hoarsely. "'Twon't work. You'd go to sartin death, an' ye know it. An' to save us! No—stay; you kin help this girl out *alone*, better'n I could. She's 's dear ter me as life, an' she shell be saved. I'll go an' bein' younger—"

"No—me go too, den!" said Mooroolne. "Hark! Warriors not far that way now. You shall no die for me. Do no good if did. We better die together. See—thar one come!"

Before another word could be passed, a figure loomed up beside them, and the voice of Mace whispered:

"Come out here, Scarred Eagle. Goodbrand has stole down toward the bank, where the lights last showed a *canoe*."

"Ay, I know what the Miami wants to undertake; but too many mustn't try it, even ef thar's an atom uv a chance. I don't say thar ain't. Go back with Mace then, you two," he added, addressing Brom and the Indian maiden. "What I hev spoke of 'll be of advantage to ye even in that case."

"What, Rhodan?"

"I'm goin' ter stir up the devils that ar' hoverin' out here," said the other, as he stripped his wet hunting-frock. "Go on with 'im, Brom, an' the girl too."

"But, Rhodan—"

"Don't waste time," he interrupted. "I'm detarmined on this, 'cos it's for your good, an' the hull on us."

"Then I'll go in for the same stretegy," said Mace. "Go quick, Brom. Ye'll find Revel an' the Irishman jist back hyar. Goodbrand 'll be back in a minit, to lead ye to the water. "I'll creep lower down, an' raise a row at the right time. Am I right, Scarred Eagle?"

"Yes, go!" said the latter.

As he spoke, the three exchanged a hurried clasp. The next moment Rhodan glided away in one direction, Mace in another. Brom, tenderly clasping the hand of Moorooine, pressed toward the spot indicated by Mace.

In a few moments he found Devine and Revel, who seemed to be expecting them. Hastily communicating the plans of the others, the four at once relapsed into silence as they waited for the return of Goodbrand.

The moments, so full of fearful suspense, seemed hours. The darkness, meantime, seemed to deepen, as it often does just before daybreak. Not the slightest sound yet broke the solemn stillness; yet they were conscious that all around them foes were lurking, or crawling forward, ready to pounce upon their victims.

They strained their eyes toward the dark line of water just visible below them. Suddenly a light flashed out whose rays penetrated nearly up to the little ascent upon which they stood. It was gone in a moment, leaving a blacker darkness around.

But the light, though momentary as that of a lightning-flash, had disclosed a canoe close up to the bank, in which were five warriors. And the watchers were in time to notice

that this canoe was below the others, which were grouped one above another, to the south angle of the bluff above.

It was evident, then, that the Indians supposed the fugitives were hidden directly opposite them, and that, attempting to pass up, down, or back, their capture would be inevitable. And should they, in sheer desperation, take to the water, sharp eyes and ears were watching in anticipation.

Nearly five minutes had now passed and still Goodbrand came not. He must have just seen the light, giving him the very knowledge he evidently sought. What was detaining him?

Brom leaned back, and without taking his eyes from the direction of the river, whispered:

"Either Goodbrand is took, or has found some o' the reds atween us an' him. What d'ye say, Revel? I think we mout's well be movin' toward the way Mace has gone!"

His only answer was a grip upon his arm, and a whisper in his very ear:

"Be careful an' very ready! A warrior come—very close—behind us only very little."

Brom turned silently. Just behind him crouched Revel and Devine, whom the keen-sensed Indian girl had similarly warned. She herself had slowly leaned against a tree, and inclining his body toward her, Brom sunk to foot and knee!

For half a minute the dread silence continued. Brom began to fear his whisper had been heard beyond the ears of his companions. Ah! There comes a movement—hardly perceptible is the sound, but still enough to show that an enemy is almost beside them. A gesture from Moorooine reveals the fact that a warrior is upon the opposite side of the tree!

It is a fearful moment, but prompt action is necessary. Brom straightens up and leans forward with drawn knife. His intention is to spring like lightning behind the tree and kill the warrior if possible without giving the latter a chance to cry out.

"Waugh!" comes at this moment a whispered exclamation at the left, quickly followed by a few cautious words in the Indian tongue. Turning his head he saw another Indian, who stood so as to command a view of both sides of the tree.

As a lightning suspicion flashed through Brom's mind, the one behind the tree moved aside toward the new-comer, uttering a few words as he passed. The next moment a long, muscular arm clasped him from behind and a hand was upon his throat. Then there followed a short, silent struggle, and the warrior was pressed to the ground, stunned and senseless from a heavy blow on his head!

"Now come quick!" whispered Goodbrand, excitedly. "If don't, some come 'tween us an' shore!"

Silently and in single file they followed him. They were within twenty paces of the bank when there came to their ears the unmistakable sounds of a struggle at some distance behind. As they dropped to the earth a smothered groan rung out through the solemn depths, showing that Scarred Eagle had encountered an enemy.

Instantly a light was seen flashing from the edge of the water immediately in their front, and a rush was heard in the direction of the sounds; then a shrill cry rung out below them, ending in a groan that told of death. Several dark forms leaped past, immediately in front of the fugitives, and became lost in the gloom!

CHAPTER XIV.

A NOVEL EXPEDIENT.

GOODBRAND rose to a half-stooping position and began to glide forward again. The rest followed closely. In a moment or two they all stopped, conscious they were within ten feet of the edge of the bank.

The various sounds occasioned by the maneuvers of Scarred Eagle and Mace had ceased. The fact was terribly significant to all. The Indians were too fearful of the stratagem of the whites to permit themselves to be drawn far away. They knew a simultaneous rush would give some of their victims a chance to escape, taking advantage of the darkness and noise.

Goodbrand had not communicated his plan in words, but

all understood it. It was to attempt to surprise and overpower those in the canoe, and then try to escape on the river. Wild and desperate as was the scheme, it promised better than any other mode. The noble heroism of Scarred Eagle and Mace had enabled them to get so far. Could they now succeed?

A few thrilling moments passed; then Goodbrand, exchanging a low whisper with Brom, began to worm himself forward alone. The latter turned slightly, and communicated with Moorooine, who in turn passed word to the men behind. Then, silent as shadows all rose to their feet.

Hardly a minute passed when Goodbrand rose silently near them.

"Canoe here!" he whispered. "Four warriors in it yit. Their eyes and ears are wide open. Only one way to do. Must do quick, for—hark! They're goin' more down banks."

"Let's make the rush then," said Brom, hoarsely. 'Tain't likely we shall succeed, but it's our last chance. Is t'other canoes near?"

"Not very. Above. Only see 'em when light comes. There 'tis now."

Again they crouched down. The light would otherwise have revealed them in spite of the bushes separating them from the edge of the river. In a moment it was concealed again.

"Now our time!" whispered Goodbrand, rising.

"Hold!" whispered Brom.

A sudden, peculiar expedient had suggested itself.

"What for?"

The young ranger did not answer at once. It was evident the canoe was slowly moving down the bank. While they listened it drew up a few yards below them.

"Goodbrand, now use your best wits. You know thar lingo. Take Moorooine, and steal forward till you are quite near them, then take her in your arms, an' do you, dear girl, be unconscious. Make 'em b'leve you've been took prisoner. Goodbrand shall play your captor. He shall tell 'em 'e took ye, and ask 'em out to make room for you. The rest on us 'll be on hand, if they take the bait, or *don't* take it!"

Brom spoke hurriedly. Goodbrand, by a gesture, signified his approbation of the scheme. The Indian girl at once moved to his side, and the two started forward toward the canoe.

They gradually made themselves heard as they advanced. The three men glided close behind. The warriors were on the alert. Suddenly seeing one of their number, as they supposed, they peered forward anxiously. At this moment Goodbrand, clasping the form of Moorooine in his arms, addressed them in panting tones :

"Step out quick ! The Sporting Fawn is taken, and can be kept in the canoe till the others are found. Their race for life is nearly run !"

Suppressing a cry of triumph, the four warriors immediately vacated the canoe, one of them steadying it for Goodbrand to enter with his insensible prisoner. As the latter stepped in he dropped his charge, and suddenly turning, struck down the one holding the canoe. At the same instant the other three were knocked headlong, just as they were in the act of springing forward.

Like lightning the others sprung in beside Goodbrand and Moorooine. Already had the former seized the paddles and the canoe was now gliding down the bank. All this had not been accomplished without some noise. One of the savages had been knocked into the water, and the splash, coupled with groans, rung out plainly. The fugitives had not moved ten yards when lights from above flashed over the water, showing them to those in the other canoes.

Instantly the most wild and alarming yells arose as the canoes behind started in pursuit. The yells, answered from the line of shore, were succeeded by a rush of feet.

"Out into the stream !" cried Brom, wildly.

"Look out—arrows comin' !"

"Och ! murdher !"

"Give 'em yer rifles, quick !"

"Crack ! crack-crack !"

"Now row with y'ur stocks—my God, *quick*, it'll help some.

Already Goodbrand and Moorooine had turned the canoe and were propelling it with all their might, not ceasing for a moment, though both of them had been struck by the arrows.

To cease from their exertions now would be certain capture, and setting their teeth hard, the whole party worked on, taking the risk of being struck by those now rushing down to the banks.

By some accident the torch in the prow of the foremost canoe of the pursuers had been extinguished, again enveloping the scene in darkness. A perfect Babel of shouts filled the air, as if the Indians, aware that nearly all the fugitives were before them, were concentrating all their energies to the work of ending the protracted search at once. In the midst of the din the pursued heard a splashing toward their right, showing that a number had sprung into the water in their infuriated surprise and eagerness, and a moment or two—just enough for the contrast to disappear—the fugitives became conscious daylight was dawning upon them.

"These jest behind ain't gainin' on us—push on, an' *courage!*" cried Brom.

"Ef we kin git inter the current furder out—ah, good God, t'others are cuttin' across that way!"

"Turn it, Goodbrand—turn it quick! We'll work harder ter strike the current furder down!"

"Luk out, the bows are coomin' intil us. Murdher!"

The Irishman got an arrow through the back of his neck, and it passed into the arm of Brom. The rest escaped the volley as by a miracle, and the moment it passed sprung to their task again.

All this time the space to the left and right, as well as behind them, rung with malignant, crazy yells, defying description. But having struck the main current they were now making rapid headway, determined not to be diverted for a second. They occasionally cast glances back, but not at the expense of relaxing labor; yet they could not see that those in the nearest canoe had lightened their craft by the exit of three warriors, leaving three more to make accelerated speed.

"Murdther—the Vargin purtict—here's soom jist upon us!" cried Devine, at last.

"The rest keep on for *life*, an' we'll look out for these. Tim," cried Brom. "If we stop a minit, the others 'll overhaul us—ha!"

Two rifles spoke from an adjacent bend of the bank, and one of the nearest pursuers fell into the river.

"'Twas Rhodan an' Ben!" shouted Brom and Revel, simultaneously.

"An' dthe durned apes are b'ated in *dthat* game; whist—hoora!" yelled the impulsive Irishman.

"Go in, boys! That's it; they kain't reach us from shore, while these ahind hev spent thar arrers, an' ain't gainin' a bit. What—hold—turn the canoe in, Goodbrand, towarts the p'int ahead; ef t'others ar' thar, we'll manage—"

"No—no!" cried the Indian. "Lose ground if do. We got safe so fur, git safe longer!"

At this moment, Devine ceased his labor, and the canoe lurched, nearly upsetting.

"Ha, Tim, what's this? Ah, the brave chap's—"

He ceased speaking, as he grasped the Irishman, who had nearly fallen out. And no wonder. His terrible experiences during the last twenty-four hours, his sufferings as a captive, of which the rest knew little, and his last wound—all had culminated at last, and the man of iron endurance had fainted.

"Quick—good God!" exclaimed Brom, as he drew him in, "we've lost by this. There they come!"

"Gi-gi—stoo—gi—*durn ye all*—stoop down, thar!" came at this moment, in a ringing voice from shore.

All recognized it and huddled down, as two canoes, full of their pursuers, surged up not three boat's-lengths behind. The next moment a dozen rifles rung out from the shore, followed by despairing shouts and groans behind.

"Thank God! Hurrah for the victory!" shouted Brom, the others joining in.

"Come i-i—*come in!*" shouted Joe Hill. "Ar' ye all thar?"

"All but Rhodan an' Mace. Look for them up-shore. Never mind us."

And then, standing up, Brom pressed Moorocine to his breast, without speaking.

The next instant, the canoe touched the shore, and a group of hardy men waited to receive them, foremost among whom were Scarred Eag'e and Ben Mace!

"Ay, boy!" said the former, with a tremor in his voice, "Providence has ordered that we ain't yit to part."

Still clasping the Indian girl, Brom put his hand tenderly on Rhodan's shoulder and undertook to speak, but his voice failed him. They all met, as brothers long separated, the rescued all grasping the hands of Scarred Eagle, Mace and Joe Hill, in turn.

"Mebbe ye thought I'd de-de-desarted ye," said Hill. "Ye see what I war about. I met the advance of Bradstreet's army jist in time fur this. Hear that. Thar won't many of 'em iscape!"

It was now light enough to distinguish objects plainly. Far up the shore came the numerous reports of rifles, showing the Indians were surprised and routed at every point. The noise aroused Devine, who had been laid upon the ground, attended by some of his companions.

"Courage, Tim, my boy!" said Scarred Eagle, bending over him. "Ye've got among friends, an' the inemy ar' routed."

"An' is it y'ursilf to tell me dthat?" he answered, struggling to his feet. "Good! I thought I was dead, so. Phare's dthe rist? Ah—all here, dthe Vargin be praised! Phat's dthat?"

"Good music!" said Mace. "It's the shouts of the retreating reds."

"Och! musha! I've but wan ear," said Tim, putting up his hand with a grimace; "but it's wilcome to sich music. Give me a sup of wather, for I'm wake, jist."

Something stronger was furnished to all of the rescued. As the light increased, those in pursuit came back, forming a numerous company. As the day advanced the main division of the army came up and acting upon the report furnished by the rescued scouts, prepared to advance to the relief of the besieged fort. This was done, and the fort relieved without a struggle. The followers of Pontiac, alarmed and disheartened by repeated reverses, had abandoned the region.

In three days the scouts, now thoroughly recruited in strength, returned to one of the border settlements. Here Brom Vail and the beautiful and brave Miami maiden, whom

ne loved, were united in Christian marriage. Scarred Eagle and Goodbrand made their home with them, and Mace was always a welcome visitor.

Thus, reader, we have traced one of the episodes of frontier life. And now our story is done.

THE END.

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Birthday of Washington,	A. Ward's oration,	A Dutch cure,	The prophecy for the
Plea for the Maine law,	Crime nationality,	The weather,	Untamished problems,
Not on the battlefield,	Our natal day,	The better term,	Honor to the dead,
The Italian struggle,	Sufferance,	Philosophy applied,	Immortality of patriots,
Independence,	Intelligence the basis of	An old ballad,	Webster's political system
Our country,	The war, [liberty]	Peace, wise, pound fool.	A vision in the forum,
The equality of man,	Charge of light brigade,	The evenness, [sh]	The press,
Character of the revolution	After the battle,	Sand y night's enjoy'ts,	Woman's rights,
The fruits of the war,	The glass rail road,	"In a just cause,"	Right of the Governed,
The sewing-machine,	The life of Mr. Macbeth,	No peace with oppres-	My ladder,
The iron road,	Prof. on parenology,	sion,	Woman,
The mystery of life,	Annabel Lee,	A tale of a mouse,	Alone,
The ups and downs,	Washington's name,	A thanksgiving sermon,	The rebellion of 1861,
The truly great,	The sailor boy's syren,	The cost of riches,	Disunion.

DIME NATIONAL SPEAKER, No. 2.

Union and its results,	Teen usch's speech,	Ohio,	Murder will out,
Our country's future,	Territorial expansion,	Oliver Hazard Perry,	Strive for the best,
The statesman's labors,	Martha Hipkins,	Our domain,	Early rising,
True individuality,	The bushful man's story	Systems of belief,	Deeds of kindness,
Let the childless weep,	The mother-of-milk man,	The Indian chieft,	Gates of sleep,
Our country's glory,	Rich and poor,	The independent farmer	The bugle,
Union a household,	Seeing the eclipse,	Mrs. Grammar's ball,	A hoodish gem,
Independence bell,	Beauties of the law,	How the money comes,	Purity of the struggle,
The scholar's dignity,	Ge-lung! git up,	Futur of the f shious,	Old age,
The cycles of progress,	The rats of life,	Loyalty to liberty,	Beautiful and true,
A Christmas chant,	Crowning glory of U. S.	Our country first, last,	The worm of the still,
Stability of Christianity,	Three fools,	and always,	Man and the Infinite,
The true higher law,	Washington,	British influence,	Language of the Eagle,
The one great need,	Our great inheritance,	Defense of Jackson,	Washington,
The ship and the bird,	Eulogy on Henry Clay,	National hatreds,	The Deluge.

DIME PATRIOTIC SPEAKER, No. 3.

America to the world,	The Irish element,	History of our flag,	Freedom the watchword
Love of country,	Train's speech,	T. F. Meagher's address,	Crisis of our nation,
Right of self-preservation	Christy's speech,	We owe to the Union,	Duty of Christian pa-
Our cause, [tion,	Let me alone,	Last speech of Stephen	trials,
A Kentuckian's appeal,	Bilgan Tier General,	A. Douglas,	Turkey Dan's oration,
Kentucky steadfast,	The draft,	Lincoln's message,	A fearless plea,
Timidity is treason,	Union Square speeches,	Great Bell Roland,	The onus of slavery,
The alarm,	The Union,	The New Year and the	A foreigner's tribute,
April 15th, 1861,	Our country's call,	King Cotton, [Union,	The little Zouave,
The spirit of '61,	The story of an oak tree,	Battle anthem,	Catholic cathedral,
The precious heritage,	Le-g on my leg,	The ends of peace,	The "Speculators."

DIME COMIC SPEAKER, No. 4.

Klebsyergoss on the war	Pop,	A song of woe,	Political stump speech,
Age bluntly considered,	A Texan Eulogium,	Ward's trip to Richm'd,	Comic Grammar, No. 2,
Early rising,	How to be a fireman,	Parody,	Farewell to the bottle,
The wasp and the bee,	The United States,	The mountebank,	The cork leg,
Comic Grammar, No. 1.	Puff's acc't of himself,	Compound interest,	The snuck i school,
I'm not a single man,	Practical phrenology,	A sermon on the feet,	Slick's definition of wife,
A. Ward's advice,	Beautiful,	Old dog Jock,	Tale of a hat,
Buzzfuz on Pickwick,	Cabbage,	The fishes' toilet,	The debating club,
Romeo and Juliet,	Disagreeable people,	Brian O'Linu,	A Dutch sermon,
Happiness,	What is a bachelor like?	Crockett to office seekers	Lecture on locomotion,
Dogs,	Funny folks,	Who is my opponent?	Mrs. Caudle on Umbr'lin

DIME ELOCUTIONIST, No. 5.

SEC. I. PRINCIPLES OF TRUE ENUNCIATION.
—Faults in enunciation; how to avoid them.
Special rules and observations.

SEC. II. THE ART OF ORATORY. Sheridan's
List of the Passions. Tranquillity, Cheerful-
ness, Mirth, Raillery, Buffoonery, Joy, Delight,
Gravity, Inquiry, Attention, Modesty, Per-
plexity, Pity, Grief, Melancholy, Despair,
Fear, Shame, Remorse, Courage, Boasting,
Pride, Obstinacy, Authority, Commanding,
Enb'ling, Affirming, Denying, Differ-ence,
Agreeing, Exhorting, Judging, Approving, Ac-
quitting, Condemning, Teaching, Pardoning,
Arguing, Dismissing, Refusing, Granting, De-
pendence, Veneration, Hope Desire, Love, Re-
spect, Giving, Wonder, Admiration, Gratitude,
Curiosity, Persuasion, Tempting, Promising,
Affectation, Sloth, Intoxication, Anger, etc.

SEC. III. THE COMPONENT ELEMENTS OF AN
ORATION.—Rules of Composition as applied to
Words and Phrases, viz: Purity, Propriety,
Precision. As applied to Sentences, viz: :
Length of Sentence, Clearness, Unity, Strength.
Figures of Speech; the Exordium, the Narrat-
tion, the Proposition, the Confirmation, the
Refutation, the Peroration.

SEC. IV. REPRESENTATIVE EXERCISES IN PROSE
AND VERSE.—Transition; A Plea for the Ox;
Falstaff's Soliloquy on Honor; the Burial of
Lincoln; the Call and Response; the Bayonet
Charge; History of a Life; the Bugle; the
Bells; Byron; Macbeth and the Dagger;
Hamlet's Soliloquy; Old Things; Look Up-
ward; King William Rufus; the Eye; an
Eccent on Musik; Disco-eries of Galileo.

SEC. V. OBSERVATIONS OF GOOD AUTHORITIES

Dime School Series—Speakers.

DIME HUMOROUS SPEAKER, No. 6.

A sad story,
A string of onions,
A magic at 15,
Cats,
Cult school,
Debt,
Devils,
D. W. Jr.'s lectures,
Ego and echo,
Fashionable women,
Fern thistles,
Good-nature,
Guthrie Kiebovergoos,
S. M. Kenricher's snail
H. A. Biglow's opinion

How the money goes,
 Then - let's Fourth of
 July oration,
 If you mean no, say no,
 Jo Bess on leap year,
 Lay of the henpecked,
 Lot Sainner's cogg,
 Matamoras,
 Nothing to do,
 Old Caudle's umbrella,
 Old Grimes's son,
 "Paddle your own ca-
 noe,"
 Parody on "Araby's
 daughter,"

Poetry run mad,
Right hand,
Scientific lectures,
The ager,
The cockney,
The codfish,
Fate of Sergeant Thin,
The lectures' quarrel,
Hammerian voodchuck,
The harp of a thousand
strings,
The last of the sarpiants,
The march to Moscow,
The mysterious guest,
The pump.

The son serpent,
The screech,
The shoe maker,
The wet bed doctor,
The water man.
To the bachelors' union
League,
United States Presidents
Vagaries of popping the
question,
What I wouldn't be,
Yankee doodle Aladdi
Ze Moskeeture,
1933.

DIME STANDARD SPEAKER, No. 7.

The world we live in,
Woman's claims,
Authors of our liberty,
The real conqueror,
The citizen's heritage,
Italy,
The mechanic,
Nature & Nature's God,
The modern good, [un-]
Ossian's address to the
Independence bell—177
John Burns, Gettysburg
No sect in heaven,
Miss Prude's tea-party,

The power of an idea,
The beneficence of the
illage, [ent]
Dream of the revolvers,
How Cyrus laid the cable
The prettiest hand,
Paradoxical,
The Jerry, the miller,
The neck,
Foggy thoughts,
The ladies' man,
Life,
The idler,
The unbeliever,

The two lives,
The true scholar,
Judges not infallible,
Fanaticism, [erline,
Instability of successful
Agriculture,
Ireland, [quer,
The people always con-
Music of labor,
Prussia and Austria,
The Blurney stone,
The student of Bonn,
The broken household,

The Bible,
The purse and the sword
My country,
True moral courage,
What is war?
Butter,
My Deborah Lee,
The race,
The pin and needle,
The modern Puritan,
Immortality of the soul,
Occupation,
Heroism and daring,
A shot at the decanter.

DIME STUMP SPEAKER, No. 8.

Hon. J. M. Stubbs' views
on the situation,
Sena Schwabauer her on
the suffrage.
All for a nomination,
Caucus, [sea,
The sea, the sea, the open
The starhangled spinner
Stay where you belong.
Life's what you make it,
Where's my money?
Speech from conscience,
Man's relation to society
The limits to lawfulness

Good-nature a blessing,
 Salvation from hard steel!
 Tailenders, [Baptist,
 The value of money,
 Meteoric disquisition,
 Be sure you are right,
 Be of good cheer,
 Crabbed folks, [shrew,
 Taming a marauding
 Farmers, [count y.
 The true greatness of our
 N. England & the Union,
 The unseen battle-field,
 Plan for the Republic,

[America, [fallacy,
[policy of secession" a
[Life's sunset,
[Human nature,
[Jewry,
[Wrongs of the Indians,
[Appeal to the most Am.
[Misconduct of war, [liberty,
[A day's sermon,
[A dream,
[A year's trial,
[The moon,
[Duties of America, &c.
[The man,

Temptations of cities,
Broken resolutions,
There is no death,
Races,
A fruitful discourse,
A Frenchman's dinner,
Unjust national acquittal,
The amateur coachman,
The club waiter man,
Permanency of States,
Liberty of speech,
John Thompson's dau't,
House-cleaning,
It is not your business.

DIME JUVENILE SPEAKER, No. 9.

[illegible]

Playing ball,
Ah, why,
Live for something.
Lay of the hen-pecked,
The outside dog,
Wolf and lamb,
Lion in love,
Frog asking for a king,
Sick lion,
Country and town mice,
Man and woman,
Home,
The Lotus-plauter,
Little things,
A Baby's soliloquy,
Repentance,
A plea for eggs,
Humbug patriotism,
Night after Christmas,
Short legs,
Sarings on amusements

How the raven became
black.
A mother's work,
The same,
Who rules,
A sheep story,
A little correspondent,
One good turn deserves
My dream, [another,
Ridin,
I'll never use tobacco,
A monnie,
The old bachelor,
Prayer to light,
Little Jim,
Angelina's lament,
Johnny Shrimps on boot's
Mercy,
Choice of hours,
Poor little saint's savings,
Who killed Tom Roper,

Nothing to do,
Honesty best policy,
Heaven,
Ho for the fields,
Haul it on the brain,
On Shanghai's,
A smile,
Cathartics,
Heteropathic soap,
Nose and eyes,
Malt, [malt,
A hundred years to
The madman and his
Little sermons, [razor,
Snuffles on electricity,
The two cruels,
The ocean storm,
Do thy little, do it well,
Little puss,
Bath, [bath,
Prescription for spring

Dime School Series—Speakers.

DIME SPREAD-EAGLE SPEAKER, No. 10.

Ben Buster's oration.	Speaking for the sheriff,	Drum-head sermons,	Il Trovatore,
Hans Von Spiegel's 4th,	Dancing a shewet,	Schnitzer's philosophes,	Kissing in the street,
Josh Billings's advice,	Then and now,	"Woman's rights,"	Scandalous,
A hard-shell sermon,	Josh Billings' lecturing,	Luke Lather,	Slightly mixed,
The boots,	Doctor DeBlister's aunt,	The hog,	The office-seeker,
The squeezer,	Consignments,	Jack Spratt,	Old bachelors,
Noah and the devil,	Hard lives,	New England tragedy,	Woman,
A lover's luck,	Dan Bryant's speech,	The ancient bachelor,	The Niam Niams,
Histatin Adolphus,	A col red view,	Jacob Whittle's speech,	People will talk,
Deceit and Paradise,	Original Maud Muller,	Jerk's prognosticates,	Swackhamer's bull,
Hisolation's disadvantage,	Non dy,	A word with Snocks,	Who wouldn't be fire'n
Smith.	Trains of circumstances	Sut Lovengood,	Don't depend on daude
Isolina Benibua,	Good advice,	A mule ride,	Music of labor,
A check of notions,	The itching palm,	Josh Billings on buz-	The American ensign.

DIME DEBATER AND CHAIRMAN'S GUIDE, No. 11.

I.—DEBATING SOCIETY.	Summary.	Preliminary organiza-	Miscellaneous.
Its office and usefulness.	III.—CHAIRMAN'S GUIDE	tion,	Treatment of petitions,
Formation of,	Ordinary meetings and	Permanent organiza-	The decorum of debate,
Constitution of,	assemblies,	tion,	Hints to a chairman.
By-Laws of,	The organization,	The order of business,	IV.—DEBATES.
Rules of government,	Order of business and	Considering reports, pa-	Debate in full:
Local rules of order,	proceedings,	pers, etc.,	Which is the greatest
Local rules of debate,	The "Question." How	Of subsidiary motions,	benefit to his country
Subjects for discussion.	it can be treated,	The due order of con-	—the warrior, states
II.—HOW TO DEBATE.	The "Question." How	sidering questions,	man, or poet?
Why there are few good	to be considered,	Committees,	Debates in brief:
debaters,	Rights to the floor,	Objects of a committee,	I. Is the rendering of
Prerequisites to orator-	Rights of a speaker as	Their powers,	works of fiction to be
ical success,	against the chair,	How named,	condemned?
The logic of debate.	Calling yeas and nays,	When not to sit,	II. Are lawyers a ben-
The rhetoric of debate,	Interrupting a vote,	Rules of order and pro-	efit or a curse to so-
Maxims to observe,	Organization of Delib-	cedure,	ciet? V.—QUOTATIONS AND
The preliminary pre-	erative Bodies, Con-	How to report,	PHRASES.
mise,	ventions, Annual or	The committee of the	Latin.
Order of argument,	General Assemblies,	whole,	

DIME EXHIBITION SPEAKER, NO. 12.

The orator of the day,	The critical moment,	Greyelotte.	What we see in the sky.
The heathen Chinese,	The east and the west,	All hail!	A lecture,
The land we love,	Is there any money in it?	Emancipation of science,	What I wish.
Jim Bludso,	Are we a nation?	Spirit of forgiveness,	Good manners,
Be true to yourself,	Social science,	Amnesty and love,	A ballad of Lake Erie,
Ah Sin's reply,	Influence of liberty,	Beauty,	Suffrage.
A plea for smiles,	The patriot's choice,	Song of labor,	The Caucasian race,
The Stanislaus scien-	The right of the people,	Manifest destiny,	A review of situation,
tific society,	The crowning glory,	Let it alone!	Little Breeches,
Free Italy,	The pumpkin,	Disconcerted candidate,	Hans Donnerbeck's wed-
Italy's alien ruler,	When you're down,	Maud Muller after	ding,
The curse of one man	What England has done	Hans Breitman,	A victim of toothache,
power,	The right of neutrality,	What is true happiness,	Story of the twins
The treaty of peace	The national flag,	The Irish of it. A par-	A cold in the nose
(1814),	Our true future,	ody.	My uncle Adolphus

DIME SCHOOL SPEAKER, No. 13.

POPULAR ORATOR.	On keeping at it.	The dread secret,	The midnight train,
Many Battle-fly's bell,	The treasures of the	Civil service reform,	The better view.
It is uncongenial to	deep,	The true gentleman,	Do thy little—do it well
greatness,	Keep cool,	The tragic pa.	Jesus forever,
Live for something,	The precious freight,	SABBATH SCHOOL PIECES	The heart,
Civil and religious lib-	A sketch,	A cry for life,	The world,
erty.	The sword the true ar-	The sabbath,	Beautiful thoughts,
Second review of the	biter,	Charled lives,	A picture of life,
mind-cray,	Aristocracy,	A good life,	Be true to yourself
Dishonesty of politics,	Baron Grimald's death	To whom shall we give	young man,
The great commander,	Obedience,	thanks!	Time is passing,
Character and achieve-	A catastrophe,	Resolution,	The gospel of autumn,
ment,	Charity,	Never mind,	Speak not harshly,
"I can't"	Mountains,	The Bible,	Courage,
"I have been,"	The last lay of the Min-	Christianity our bul-	The eternal hymn,
Don't say, "a man when	strol.	wark,	Live for good,
dowl,	The unlucky lovers.	The want of the hour	The silent city.

Dime School Series--Speakers.

DIME LUDICROUS SPEAKER, No. 14.

Courting,
Higher,
The closing year,
The maniac's defense,
The hen scratches,
Ass and the violinist,
Views of married life,
Bachelors and flirts,
Job's turkey,
A hardshell sermon,
My first knife,
Der Loddery Dicket,
A cannibalad,

Woman's rights,
What's the matter,
Mrs. Jones' pirate,
De goose,
Touch of the sublime,
Blooded Van Snoozle,
Blast against tobacco,
Tobacco boys,
Big geniuses,
My first cigar,
Terrible t'-tale,
Silver wedding,
Prohibition,

Unlucky,
Queer people,
Biting one's nose off,
Golden rules,
The singular man,
Fourth of July oration,
Cheer up,
Self-esteem,
Buckwheat cakes,
Twain's little boy,
A word with you,
A chemical lament,
The candy-pulling,

Contentment,
On courting,
On laughing,
The tanner boy,
On wimmen's rights,
The healer,
The criminal lawyer,
Ballad of Matilda Jane
Water,
The ballad of a baker,
Good for something,
A moving sermon.

KARL PRETZEL'S KOMIKAL SPEAKER, No. 15.

Shandal,
Don'd been afraid,
Gamboling,
Indemembrance,
Gretchen und me go ond
Hope. Das ish vat it ish,
"Dot musquiter,"
Leedle gal-child adream
Dhere vas no crying,
Leedle speedches,
Pells, pells,
The puzzled Dutchman,

Address to a school,
His sphere,
Translations from Esop.
The treachery of Jones,
Don't call a man a liar,
Man. A lecture,
Bu'st. A "dialect,"
Simon Short's son Sam,
Reckermember der poor,
Natural history views,
The cart before the horse
To see ourselves,

Sorrowful tale,
The loafers' society.
It's the early bird, etc.
Music,
On lager beer,
Caudle's wedding-day,
Dot young viddow,
The best cow in peril,
Frequent critters,
In for the railroad,
Song of the sluk,
Case of young Bango,

The Illinois Assembly
The cannibal man,
Boss Bagshaw,
Pretzel as a soldier,
The raccoon,
My childhood,
Schneider's ride,
Boy suffrage,
Gardening,
He vas dhinkin',
Abner Jones' testimony,
By a money changer's.

DIME YOUTH'S SPEAKER, No. 16.

A call to the field,
To retailers,
War, war to the death,
Adjuration to duty,
The crusader's appeal,
A boy's testimony,
I have drank my last,
The spirit-siren,
Ruin's maniac,
Life is what we make it,
Taste not,

The evil beast,
Help,
The hardest lot of all,
The curse of rum,
The two dogs—a fable,
The source of reform,
The rum fiend,
True law and false,
In bad company,
The only true nobility,
The inebriate's end,

A drunken colloquy,
The work to do,
To labor is to pray,
The successful life,
Better than gold,
Seed-time and harvest,
Invocation to cold water
Now,
The great lesson to learn
The toper's lament,
God's liquor,

Value of life work,
"Accept the situation,"
Died of whisky,
A story with a moral.
Breakers ahead,
Ichabod Sly,
Effects of intemperance,
The whisky why is it,
Local option,
Be good to the body,
Worth makes the man.

THE DIME ELOQUENT SPEAKER, No. 17.

An adjuration,
The kluge of business,
Purity of speech,
Parson Caldwell,
Value of reputation,
Hand that rocks world,
Swelling manhood,
Summer,
Woman's love,
The bricklayers,
Words of silver,
Drive on! drive on!
The tramp,
The State immortal,

The moral factor,
Walking with the world
The only safety,
Knowledge,
Be careful what you say
Stand by the constit'n,
A true friend,
The mocking-bird,
The want of the country
The value of virtue,
She would be a mason,
Evils of ignorance,
The use of time,
Come down,

Anatomical lecture,
Minnetunkce,
The printing press,
The Sabbath,
Busybodies,
Anatomical lecture 2,
A blow in the dark,
The specter caravan,
The true saviors,
True fame,
Something to shun,
Plea for Ireland,
Smile whenever you can,
The wood of stars,

A thought,
The housemaid,
The goblin cat,
Aristocrats,
The knightly newsboy,
A call to vote,
The modern fraud,
Running for legislature
To a young man,
Heads,
The new dispensation,
Turning the grindstone,
Short sermon.

THE DIME CENTENNIAL SPEAKER, No. 18.

Columbia,
Washington,
Appeal for liberty,
The American hero,
Resistance to oppression
Patriotism,
Green Mountain boys,
Eloquence of Otis,
Washington,
America must be free,
Freedom the only hope,
Day of disenthralment,
Y: alternative but tib'y
Carmen bellicosum,
Sword of Bunker Hill,

The Fourth of July,
Warren's address,
A call to liberty,
Good faith,
Revolutionary soldiers,
Our responsibility,
British barbarity,
How freedom is won,
Adams and liberty,
Our duties,
Our destiny:
The American flag,
The true union,
American independence
Washington & Franklin

Sink or swim,
The buff and blue,
The union,
The mart r spy,
Lexingt n,
Our only hope,
D clARATION of In'ep's,
The liberty bell,
Washington's attributes
What we are,
Our great trust,
God bless our States,
Looking backward,
Marion and his men,
Liberty and union,

A noble plea,
Original Yankee Docois
Wo fe's address,
Watchl g for Montg'y.
The rational ensign,
God save the union,
Our natal day,
The 22d of February,
New England's dead,
Repeal r. peel!
The true hero,
Old Ironsides,
Our gifts to history,
Uncle Sam's a hundred
Centennial oration.

DIME SCHOOL SERIES.—Speakers.

DIME SERIO-COMIC SPEAKER, No. 19.

The American phalanx,	Sour grapes,	Pompey Squash,	Smart boy's opinion,
The same	The unwritten 'Claws,'	Mr. Lo's new version,	The venomous worm,
The old canoe,	The ager,	The midnight express,	Corns,
Room at the top.	Flesh,	Morality's worst enemy	Up early,
New England weather,	Judge not thy brother,	The silent teacher,	Not so easy,
Bluffs,	The dog St. Bernard,	The working people,	Dead bent in politics,
Leeds Yawco, Strauss,	The liberal candidate,	The moneyless man,	War and duelling.
A fable,	A boy's opinion of hens,	Strike through the knot	Horses. A protest.
The tramp's views,	Good alone are great,	An agricultural address,	Excelsior
Moral littleness,	The great Napoleon,	The new scriptures,	Paddy's version of
Yawco's Hufeltegobble.	The two lives,	The trombone,	celston
The setting sun,	The present age	Don't despond.	The clock
Street Arab's sermon,	At midnight,	The mill cannot grind,	Apples and pears
A dress to young ladies,	Good-night,	What became of a lie,	Old Scrooge.
A little big man,	Truth,	Now and then,	Man, generically
The test of friendship	The funny man,	How ub vos dot for high	sidered,
The price of pleasure,	The little orator,	Early rising,	A chemical wedding

DIME SELECT SPEAKER, No. 20.

God,	Penalty of selfishness,	Now is the time,	Won't you let my papa
Save the Republic,	Lights Out,	Exhortation to patriots,	work
Watches of the night,	Clothes don't make the	He is everywhere,	Conscience the best
The closing year,	man,	A dream of darkness,	guide,
Wro g and right road,	The last man,	Religion the keystone,	Whom to honor,
An enemy to society,	Mind your own business	Scorn of office,	The lords of labor,
Barbara Freitchie,	My Fourth of July sen-	Who are the free	Early rising,
The most precious gift,	timents,	The city on the hill,	Pumpernickel and Per-
Intellectual and moral	My Esquimaux friend,	How to save the Re-	schkoff,
power,	Story of the little riddle	public,	Only a tramp,
Thanatopsis,	My castle in Spain,	The good old times,	Cage them.
New era of labor	Shonny Schwartz,	Monmouth,	Time's soliloquy,
Work of faith,	The Indian's wrongs,	Hop,	Find a way or make it,
A dream.	Address to young men,	Moral Desolation,	The mosquito hunt,
A daisy and carnations,	Beautiful Snow,	Self-evident truths,	The hero.

DIME FUNNY SPEAKER, No. 21.

Colonel Sellers' clac-	One hundred years ago,	The new mythology	Joan of Arc,
data,	De 'periences ob de Reb-	(Vulcan.)	The blessings of farm
Glory 'ent ter 'where	'rand Quack Strong.	The new mythology	life,
und 'drives,	A dollar or two,	(Pan.)	The people,
Terence O'Dowd's pat-	On some more hush,	The new mythology	Thermopylae,
riolism,	Where money is king,	(Bacchus.)	Cats,
The line-kills 'tuh ora-	Professor 'lukelapigel-	I kin nod trunk to-nighd,	Jim Bludso; or, the
tion,	man on the origin of	The new church doc-	Prairie Belle,
Farmer Thernubush on	life,	trine,	A catastrophic ditty,
fools,	Konsentrated wisdom,	Wilyum's watermillion,	The mammy's defense,
The fiddler,	Joseph Brown and the	Josh Axtell's oration,	Woman, God bless her
The regular carson,	mince pie,	Parson Barebones's an-	Be miserable.
The school-boy's lament,	John Jenkins's sermon,	athema,	Dodds versus Daub,
Dot baby off mine,	A parody on "Tell me	Cesar Squash on heat,	The Cadi's judgment.
Bluffs once more,	ye winged winds,"	Fritz Valdher is made a	That calf.
Views on agriculture,	A foggy day,	mason.	

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